12-20.

PRICE 1s.

VANITY FAIR:

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "The Irish Sketch Book:" "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo:" of "Jeames's Diary" and the "Snob Papers" in Punch: &c. &c.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; J. M'LEOD, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

[Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.]

VANITY FAIR ADVERTISER.

COMPLETION OF VANITY FAIR.

Early in July will be published, price 21s., handsomely bound in cloth, or 24s. 6d. half-bound in morocco, and Illustrated by the Author with Forty Engravings in Steel, and numerous Woodcuts,

VANITY FAIR:

BY W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," "Jeames's Diary," the "Snob Papers" in Punch, &c.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"In forming our general estimate of this writer, we wish it to be understood as referring principally, if not exclusively, to 'Vanity Fair,' so immeasurably superior in our opinion is this to every other known production of his pen. The great charm of this work is its entire freedom from mannerism and affectation, both in style and sentiment,—the confiding frankness with which the reader is addressed,—the thorough-bred carelessness with which the author permits the thoughts and feelings suggested by the situations to flow in their natural channel, as if conscious that nothing mean or unworthy could fall from him. In a word, the book is the work of a gentleman—one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and here are touches of nature by the dozen."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"The public offerings of the ci-devant Michael Angelo Titmarsh are ever pleasantly welcome to us; welcome as an invitation to banquet with a graceful, well-informed, and faithful friend. He is the prince of etchers and sketchers. His genius is environed with a warm and glowing atmosphere of fine feeling and cultivated fancies—light, playful, kindling, acting upon the imagination and heart of the reader with a secret but irresistible influence. A humour remarkable for its geniality illumes and vivifies every page." —*Daily News.*

"If Mr. Thackeray were to die to-morrow his name would be transmitted down to posterity by his 'Vanity Fair.' He is the Fielding of the nineteenth century." —*Sun.*

*** Subscribers are respectfully informed that they can have their copies bound by the Publishers, or through their Booksellers, at the following prices :—

Whole bound, morocco, gilt edges	6s. 6d.
Half bound ,, marble leaves	4 6
In cloth, gilt	1 6

(*Cloth Cases for binding may be had at the Publishers.*)

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

In a few days, uniform with the "Chronicles of Clovernook," *and* "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures."

TWIDDLETHUMB TOWN.

By DOUGLAS JERROLD.

LONDON: PUBLISHED AT THE PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

COMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

In Two Volumes, 8vo, price 21s., elegantly bound in cloth,

THE COMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT.

Illustrated with 20 large Coloured Engravings, and more than 200 Woodcuts.

BY JOHN LEECH.

*** Subscribers are respectfully requested to lose no time in completing their Sets.

This day is published, price 7s., handsomely bound in cloth,

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

*** Vols. I. to VI. may be had, price 7s. each, in cloth.

LONDON: PUBLISHED AT THE "PUNCH" OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

NEW WORKS.

I.

THE DOCTOR, &c.

A New Edition, complete in One Volume; embellished with a Portrait of the Author in his study, a View from the Window of his Study, and Bust by Nash. Edited by his Son-in-Law, the Rev. JOHN WOOD WARTER. One vol., square crown 8vo, 21*s.*, cloth.

II.

MADAME DE MALGUET: A TALE OF 1820.

Three vols., post 8vo. *Just Ready.*

III.

NARRATIVE OF A CAMPAIGN WITH A FRENCH COLUMN UNDER MARECHAL BUGEAUD,

Directed against the Kabailes of Algeria. By DAWSON BORRER, F.R.G.S., *Membre Correspondant de la Societé Orientale, à Paris.* One vol., post 8vo. *Nearly Ready.*

IV.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

By CATHERINE SINCLAIR, Author of the "Journey of Life," &c., &c. Two vols., fcap. 8vo, 10*s.*, cloth. *In the Press.*

V.

THE CLOSING SCENE;

Or, Christianity and Infidelity contrasted in the Last Hours of Remarkable Persons. By the Author of "The Bishop's Daughter," and "Self-Sacrifice." One vol., fcap. 8vo, cloth.

"He liked to teach by example; and would dwell with emphasis on the anomalies of that scene, always significant, and oft-times studiously screened from vulgar gaze, *the death-scene of a professed infidel.*"—*Cotton Mather, D.D.*

VI.

SKETCHES OF THE LAST NAVAL WAR.

Translated from the French of Captain E. JURIEN DE LA GRAVIERE; with an Introduction, and Explanatory Notes, by the Hon. Captain PLUNKETT, R.N. Two vols., post 8vo, with Maps and Plans, 18*s.*, cloth.

VII.

THE TREASURY OF NATURAL HISTORY;

Or, a Popular Dictionary of Animated Nature; in which the Zoological Characteristics that distinguish the different Classes, Genera, and Species, are combined with a variety of interesting Information illustrative of the Habits, Instincts, and General Economy of the Animal Kingdom. By SAMUEL MAUNDER. Fcap. 8vo, with 900 accurate Engravings on Wood. 10*s.* cloth, or 12*s.* bound in embossed roan. *Just Ready.*

VIII.

THE VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK OF ST. PAUL;

With Dissertations on the Writings of St. Luke, and on the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients. By JAMES SMITH, of Jordan Hill, Esq., F.R.S.L. & E., F.G.S., &c. 8vo, with Illustrative Views and Charts. *Nearly Ready.*

IX.

MR. GUTCH'S COLLECTION OF THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS.

To which is prefixed, the History and Character of this celebrated English Yeoman.

"If any one wants to know bold Robin Hood as he was, let him straightway possess himself of those two delightful volumes, for which we are indebted to Mr. Gutch."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Two vols. square crown 8vo, with numerous Woodcuts. 30*s.* cloth.

X.

PRISON DISCIPLINE;

And the Advantages of the Separate System of Imprisonment; with a detailed Account of the Discipline now pursued in the New County Gaol at Reading. By the Rev. J. FIELD, M.A., Chaplain.

"Upon this subject, the evidence of Mr. Field is of the highest value. . . . . No higher authority can be quoted on the subject."—*Article on Prison Discipline in the Law Review.*

Two vols. 8vo, 20*s.* cloth.

XI.

HOME AMONG STRANGERS.

By MARIA HUTCHINS CALCOTT. Two vols. fcap. 8vo. *In a few days.*

XII.

MEMORANDA OF 1846 AND 1847;

Being Brief Allusions to some of the Memorable Events of those eventful years, as noted down at the time. By Rev. FULWAR WILLIAM FOWLE, M.A., Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, Rector of Arlington, and Perpetual Curate of Amesbury. Fcp. 8vo, 3*s.* cloth.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE;

OR,

CURIOSITIES OF FAMILY HISTORY.

BY GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK.

Volume the First, post 8vo, cloth, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

"There is nothing in this book to mislead the youthful student—no splendid fiction—no wish to confound time, or place, or person. We have a painstaking narrative, compiled from known materials, and from the results of original, and at times successful, research. The Student of English History will rise from the perusal of Mr. Craik's First Volume pleased with the care exhibited, the quiet sifting of facts and circumstances to be observed at every turn, and the new materials which the author's industry has brought to light."—*Athenæum.*

"We believe there are few literary men in England who are so well acquainted with this subject as the present writer." *Jerrold's Newspaper.*

New Work by the Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Knight of Gwynne," &c.

This day is published, No. III.. price 1*s.*, of

ROLAND CASHEL.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

Now publishing, in Weekly Numbers, price Three-Halfpence each, containing Sixteen handsomely printed 8vo pages, double columns, and in Monthly Parts, price Sevenpence, in a Wrapper,

A CHEAP EDITION OF THE

WORKS OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY," and "THE PICKWICK PAPERS" are now completed, price 5*s.* each, cloth, with New Prefaces and Frontispieces. "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" is in course of publication.

Now publishing, in Weekly Numbers and Monthly Parts, uniform in size and price with the Cheap Edition of the Works of Mr. Charles Dickens,

A CHEAP AND COMPLETE EDITION OF

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NOVELS AND TALES.

"RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES," is now completed, price 3*s.* 6*d.*, in cloth, with a New Preface and Frontispiece. "PAUL CLIFFORD" is in course of publication.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

Now Ready, Part III., price One Shilling.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

By G. H. RODWELL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A HIGHLY-FINISHED ENGRAVING ON STEEL, OF THE BRIDGE, BY ALFRED ASHLEY.

"The present work takes us back to an age, of which we never tire to receive information; and Mr. Rodwell is evidently desirous to prepare his fare from the most authentic records of the past."—*Era.*

"A capital engraving of the Bridge and houses upon it as in ancient times, is alone sufficient to make a volume welcome; but the tale also begins with good promise, and is laid to an old date, when old pastimes were in vogue."—*Literary Gazette.*

LONDON: JOHN & DANIEL A. DARLING, AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

New Life of Goldsmith.

In One Thick Volume 8vo, gilt edges, price 21s.,

The Life and Adventures of

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A BIOGRAPHY: IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK
I. The Sizar, Student, Traveller, Apothecary's Journeyman, Usher, and Poor Physician.
II. Authorship by Compulsion.
BOOK
III. Authorship by Choice.
IV. The Friend of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds; Dramatist, Novelist, and Poet.

BY JOHN FORSTER,

Of the Inner Temple, Barrister, Author of "Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

With Forty Original Designs engraved on Wood.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET; and CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, STRAND.

Complete in One thick Volume, 8vo, price 21s. bound in cloth; or 24s. 6d. half-bound in morocco,

DOMBEY AND SON:

By CHARLES DICKENS.

With Forty Illustrations by H. K. Browne.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1.

THE GAP OF BARNESMORE:

A TALE OF THE IRISH HIGHLANDS, AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1668.

In 3 vols., post 8vo. (*Now ready.*)

2.

LIFE IN RUSSIA;

Or, THE DISCIPLINE OF DESPOTISM.

By AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

In one volume, post 8vo, with Illustrations. (*Now Ready.*)

3.

TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH;

or,

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ATHEIST.

In 1 vol., post 8vo, (*Now ready.*)

4.

MIRABEAU:

A LIFE HISTORY. IN FOUR BOOKS.

In 2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits.

*** This work has been long in preparation, and is the only succinct, complete, and authentic Life of Mirabeau yet published. It contains an examination into his supposed connection with the father of the present Ex-King of the French, as well as a detailed and veracious statement of Mirabeau's plans for saving the Monarchy. The Second Volume will comprise a full account of the most important Debates in the National Assembly, from its convocation till the death of Mirabeau. (*Just published.*)

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65, CORNHILL.

FOURTEENTH VOLUME OE PUNCH!

Is now ready, price 8s., handsomely bound in cloth,

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF

FIVE HUNDRED ORIGINAL ARTICLES IN PROSE AND VERSE, AND FOUR HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

PUNCH.—**Notice.** For the convenience of persons wishing to possess complete sets of this popular work, an **Edition is published of the first Twelve Volumes, handsomely bound in Six, with gilt edges,** price 4*l.* 10s. These may be procured through any bookseller.

PUBLISHED AT THE PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

Just published, Part I., price 1*s.*, 8vo,

PARIS ILLUSTRATED;

BEING A SERIES OF VIEWS OF PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

ENGRAVED ON STEEL, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. C. HEATH, AND OTHER ARTISTS, FROM DRAWINGS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

With descriptive Letter-press, forming a faithful chronicle of the late and former Revolutions. Each Part will contain Six highly-finished Steel Engravings, price 1*s.*, to be continued on the 1st and 15th of each Month.

London: E. T. BRAIN & Co., 88, Fleet-street; J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; D. CHAMBERS, Glasgow, and of all Booksellers. Agents wanted.

For Purifying the Blood and Strengthening the Digestive Organs.

FRENCH'S SARSAPARILLA AND CHAMOMILE.—A Genuine Fluid Extract of these well-known valuable Medicines. It is suited for either sex, and will prove a certain cure for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Dimness of Sight, Fainting Fits, Wasting of the Flesh, Languor, Skin Diseases, Rheumatic and Nervous Affections, and all Impurities of the Blood, caused by unhealthy climates, too sedentary a life, or other causes. By the diligent use of this purifying medicine the energies of the whole nervous system will be augmented, a more powerful, healthy action of every faculty produced, feebleness and all the deplorable symptoms of disease will vanish, and strength and health be restored to the feeble and afflicted by its restorative properties. Price 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 11*s.*, and 22*s.* each. Prepared only by W. A. FRENCH, Practical Chemist, 309, Holborn, two doors west of Chancery Lane.—The 11*s.* and 22*s.* sizes delivered carriage free to any part of England.

THE TOILET OF BEAUTY furnishes innumerable proofs of the high estimation in which GOWLAND'S LOTION is held by the most distinguished possessors of brilliant complexions. This elegant preparation comprehends the preservation of the complexion both from the effects of cutaneous malady and the operation of variable temperature, by refreshing its delicacy and sustaining the brightest tints with which beauty is adorned.—"ROBT. SHAW, London," is in white letters on the Government Stamp.—Price, 2*s.* 9*d.* and 5*s.* 6*d.*; Quarts, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists.

ROWLANDS' TOILET ARTICLES,

Each of infallible attributes. ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL is highly and universally appreciated for creating and sustaining luxuriant Tresses. ROWLANDS' KALYDOR is a preparation of unparalleled efficacy in improving and beautifying the Skin and Complexion; and ROWLANDS' ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE, is invaluable for its beautifying and preservative effects on the Teeth and Gums.

The August Patronage conceded by our Gracious Queen, and the several Sovereigns and Courts of Europe, and the confirmation by experience of the infallible efficacy of these *creative renovating Specifics*, have characterised them with perfection, and given them a celebrity unparalleled.

*** BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.—Some are offered under the IMPLIED sanction of Royalty and the Government Departments, with similar attempts at deception. The ONLY GENUINE of each bears the Name of "ROWLANDS'" preceding that of the Article on the Wrapper or Label. Sold by them at 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, and by every respectable Chemist and Perfumer throughout the kingdom.

Brown, 4*s.* 6*d.* per bottle.
Pale, 5*s.* ditto.

3*s.* per bottle.

5*s.* per dozen, in original packages of 2½ and 5 doz.

"THE STANDARD OF COGNAC,"

WHICH IS THE BEST FOREIGN BRANDY,

THE PATENT BRANDY, AND THE GENUINE SELTERS WATER, protected by the Patent Metallic Capsule, the only sure and self-evident safeguard against adulteration, can be obtained throughout the Kingdom at the respective prices above mentioned, or at

7, SMITHFIELD BARS, AND 96, ST. JOHN'S STREET, LONDON.

A GENTLEMAN REGAINED THE USE OF HIS LIMBS by the effect of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS. Mr. John Cock, a highly respectable gentleman, residing at Madron, near Penzance, had been confined to his house for a considerable period from a fearful attack of paralysis. He had recourse to the best medical aid, but to no purpose, as in such cases the usual treatment never does any good. He then resolved upon using HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS, and, to the surprise of all who knew his deplorable state, these wonderful medicines alone have restored him to perfect health, and the complete use of his limbs. These valuable medicines are sold by all Druggists, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand, London.

THE STELLA SALAD OIL AND THE MANDARIN PICKLE SAUCE

are both quite new to this country. The oil is from the pickled olives of the choicest estate in Italy, and consequently never loses its flavour. Sold in registered bottles and jars at 1*s.* 6*d.* each (with excellent receipts for their use) by all respectable dealers in the United Kingdom.—WILLIAM ORRIDGE and Co., 11, Pilgrim-street, London, sole consignees.

Balance Ivory Table Knives, 10s.

The great patronage R. and J. S. have received in this department, gives them confidence in asserting that their Cutlery will be found equal, if not superior, to any in London, at prices 25 PER CENT. under what is usually charged.

Dessert ditto, 9*s.*; Carvers, 3*s.* 6*d.* per pair. White Bone Table Knives, 6*s.*; Dessert ditto, 4*s.*; Carvers, 2*s.* per pair. Superior Kitchen Table Knives and Forks, from 6*s.* 6*d.* per dozen. Table Knife, with pure Nickel Silver, Tables, 22*s.* per dozen; Dessert Ditto, 18*s.*; Carvers, 6*s.* 6*d.* per pair, all marked RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK, and warranted.

A Shower-Bath, with Curtains, 10s.;

Ditto, with copper conducting tubes, brass pump and valves, from 60*s.*; ditto, made very portable, including case, 30*s.*; Sponging-Baths, 12*s.*, 19*s.*, and 21*s.*; Hip ditto, 19*s.* and 21*s.*; also every description of Toilet Ware, 30 per cent. under any other house.

Fenders and Fire Irons.

The Greatest Variety in London, at prices that defy competition.

Bronzed Scroll Fenders, with Steel Bar, from 10s.

RICHARD & JOHN SLACK,

336, STRAND, OPPOSITE SOMERSET HOUSE.

Their Book, containing upwards of 200 Engravings, may be had Gratis, or sent to any part Post Free.
Established 1818.

Coughs and Influenza.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A CERTAIN REMEDY for disorders of the *Pulmonary Organs*—in Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient CONSUMPTION (of which COUGH is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In ASTHMA, and in WINTER COUGH, they have *never* been known to fail.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1*s.* 1½*d.*, and Tins, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London; and Retail, by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors.
THESE LOZENGES CONTAIN NEITHER OPIUM NOR ANY PREPARATION OF THAT DRUG.

IMPORTANT AND RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

CURE OF COUGH AFTER ATTACK OF INFLUENZA.

Dover, 25th February, 1848.

SIR.—Please to send to Messrs. Barclay and Sons for enclosure, another dozen of your excellent Cough Lozenges. Having lately had a severe attack of Influenza attended with violent Cough for five days, preventing my lying down in bed, I made trial of your Lozenges, and am happy to say, with the blessing of God, they proved of the greatest service, and their use produced almost instantaneous relief. I give you this intelligence from a desire that others might also be led to make the trial. I hope they will experience the same result.

I remain, yours truly,
O. HAMBROOK.

To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Church-yard.

Copy of a Letter from COLONEL HAWKER, (the well-known Author on "GUNS AND SHOOTING").

Longparish House, near Whitchurch, Hants, October 21st, 1846.

SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your Lozenges. I had a cough for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
P. HAWKER.

To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Church-yard.

PAPIER MÂCHÉ AND JAPAN

ROYAL WORKS

JENNENS & BETTRIDGE,

MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT,

TO HER MAJESTY, PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY,

6, HALKIN-STREET WEST, BELGRAVE-SQUARE, LONDON;
AND ALSO AT BIRMINGHAM.

At these works are manufactured Papier Mâché Trays, Tables, Chairs, Cabinets, Desks, Inkstands, &c., &c.

JENNENS & BETTRIDGE'S Manufactures can be had at the Establishments above-named, and of the principal wholesale and retail houses in the United Kingdom; also of their correspondents in every important city in the world.

N.B. All goods marked with JENNENS & BETTRIDGE'S names are warranted.

Strangers of respectability visiting Birmingham may inspect these works, and obtain introductions to the other establishments of interest in the town.

SEND EIGHT POSTAGE STAMPS,

And by return, and Post Free, you will get a handsome Tea-spoon of

WATSONS' SOLID ALBATA PLATE,

Which is rapidly superseding Silver for all domestic uses. It is equally sweet and handsome as Silver itself. This is the only SOLID substitute now sold, and, unlike plated goods of any kind, there is nothing to wear off, so that the more you rub and clean it, the better it will continue to look, though in daily use for FIFTY YEARS. Don't be afraid to put it to any test, and then send your order. A full Catalogue of Prices, with patterns of every other article manufactured from this beautiful metal, will be enclosed with the sample spoon.

Address, WATSONS', 41 and 42, Barbican, (corner of Princes Street), and 16, Norton Folgate, London.

COFFEE AS IN FRANCE

IT is a fact beyond dispute, that in order to obtain really fine COFFEE, there must be a combination of the various kinds; and to produce strength and flavour, certain proportions should be mixed, according to their different properties; thus it is we have become celebrated for our delicious COFFEE, at 1*s.* 8*d.*, which is the astonishment and delight of all who have tasted it, being the produce of Four Countries, selected and mixed by rule peculiar to our Establishment, in proportions not known to any other house.

From experiments we have made on the various kinds of COFFEE, we have arrived at the fact, that no one kind possesses strength and flavour; if we select a strong COFFEE, it is wanting in flavour; by the same rule, we find the finest and most flavorous are generally wanting in strength; and as they are usually sold each kind separately, quite regardless of their various properties, the consumer is unable to obtain really fine COFFEE at any price. There is, also, another peculiar advantage we possess over other houses—our roasting apparatus being constructed on decidedly scientific principles, whereby the strong aromatic flavour of the COFFEE is preserved, which in the ordinary process of roasting is entirely destroyed.

The rapid and still increasing demand for this COFFEE has caused great excitement in the trade; and several unprincipled houses have copied our papers, and profess to sell a similar article. We therefore think it right to CAUTION the Public, and to state that our superior mixture of Four Countries is a discovery of our own, and therefore the proportions are not known, nor can it be had of any other house, and that in future we shall distinguish it from all others as

SPARROW'S CONTINENTAL COFFEE, at 1s. 8d. per lb.

Packed in tin-foil and Canisters of all sizes, perfectly air-tight, for the country; and sold, wholesale and retail, by HENRY SPARROW, 95, HIGH HOLBORN, and by Agents throughout the Kingdom.

DIETETIC COCOA

As recommended by the Medical Faculty, prepared from the finest Trinidad Nuts, on an improved principle whereby the fine bland oil (so peculiar to the finest COCOA) is incorporated with the farinaceous properties of the Nut, and consequently will agree with the most delicate stomach. Invalids and others who are recommended COCOA should be particular what kind they use, as COCOA prepared from old or damaged Nuts is *rancid*, and therefore is *decidedly unwholesome.*

This COCOA is distinguished from all others as

SPARROW'S DIETETIC COCOA,

1s. 2d. per lb., to be had at 95, HIGH HOLBORN, and nowhere else in London.

NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE!

CONSTIPATION & DYSPEPSIA (INDIGESTION)

The main causes of Biliousness, Nervousness, Liver Complaint, Persisting Headaches, Noises in the Head and Ears, Pains in almost every part of the Body, Heartburn, Low Spirits, Spasms, Spleen, &c., effectively REMOVED from the system, by a permanent restoration of the digestive functions to their primitive vigour, without purging, inconvenience, pain, or expense, by

DU BARRY & CO.'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD;

(The only Food which, unlike that mischievous substance called Arrow Root, does not turn acid upon, or distend a weak stomach, and a three-penny meal of which *saves four times the value in other food;* hence effecting a saving instead of causing an expense).

"Imperial Ukase.—Russian Consulate-General in Great Britain.

"London, the 2nd of December, 1847.

"The Consul-General has been ordered to inform Messrs. Du Barry & Co., that the powders (the Revalenta Arabica) they had inclosed in their petition to his Majesty the Emperor, have, *by imperial permission*, been forwarded to the Minister of the Imperial Palace."

Letter from Mr. Serjeant-at-Law Wilkins:—

"8, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London,
"Dec. 21, 1847.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken the Arabica Revalenta for the last six weeks twice a day, and have great pleasure in bearing witness to its efficacy. For years before I had recourse to this excellent food, I had been tormented more or less by dyspepsia. I am now enjoying perfect digestion and all the consequent advantages.

"I am, my dear sir, your truly obliged friend,
"CHARLES WILKINS, S.L.

"A Monsieur Du Barry."

"50, Holborn, London, 22nd Dec., 1847.

"I have derived considerable benefit from the use of the Revalenta Arabica.

"A. G. HARRIS (Optician)."

"Frenchay Rectory, near Bristol,
"Dec. 9, 1847.

....."For the last five years I have been in a most deplorable condition of health, having been subject during that period to most severe pains in the back, chest, right and left sides, which produced vomiting almost daily.....NEXT TO GOD I OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT OF GRATITUDE FOR THE PROSPECT OF HEALTH NOW OPENED BEFORE ME. I THEREFORE THANK YOU MOST SINCERELY, NOT ONLY FOR BRINGING THIS INVALUABLE ALIMENT TO MY NOTICE, BUT FOR OTHER KIND ADVICE GIVEN ME AS TO DIET, &c.

"I remain, Gentlemen, yours very truly,
"(Rev.) THOMAS MINSTER.
"Of Farnley Tyas, Yorkshire."

"3, Sidney Terrace, Reading, Berks,
"Dec. 3, 1847.

"GENTLEMEN,—I am happy to be able to inform you that the person for whom the former quantity was procured, has derived very great benefit from its use; distressing symptoms of long standing have been removed, and a feeling of restored health induced. Having witnessed the beneficial effects in the above-mentioned case, I can with confidence recommend it, and shall have much pleasure in so doing whenever an opportunity offers.

"I am, Gentlemen, very truly, yours,
"JAMES SHORLAND,
"Late Surgeon, 96th Reg."

"3, Sidney-terrace, Reading, Berks.,
"Jan. 19th, 1848.

..... "The patient is above fifty years of age, of a full habit of body; previous to her commencing its use she was affected, among other symptoms, with a peculiar fulness and distension of the skin over the whole body; the impression conveyed being that of general anasarca, except that it did not pit, on pressure, but was a firm elastic swelling. After a few days' use of the Revalenta, this unnatural tumefaction subsided; the integuments became universally soft and pliable, and every unpleasant feeling in this respect was removed. * * *

"JAMES SHORLAND,
"Late Surgeon, 96th Reg."

"21, Broad-street, Golden-square,
"Nov. 20, 1847.

"(Details of nineteen years' dyspepsia, with its consequent horrors in infinite variety, and the effects of three weeks' diet on Revalenta Food) I humbly and sincerely thank God, and yourselves as His instruments, &c.

"ISABELLA GRELLIERE."

"11, Victoria Terrace, Salford, Manchester,
"Jan. 2, 1848.

"The benefits I have derived therefrom, in so short a space of time, have exceeded my most sanguine expectations, &c. "JOHN MACKAY."

"Winslow, Bucks, Jan. 22, 1848.

"I have found it to be a simple, though very efficacious and pleasant food, doing good to my own and others' functional disorders.

"Yours, dear Sir, very truly,
"(Rev.) CHARLES KERR, of Great Harwood.

"A Mons Du Barry."

"9, Antiqua Street, Edinburgh,
"Feb. 3, 1848.

"I am happy to be enabled to say that I have derived very considerable benefit from the use of it.

"ARTHUR MACARTHUR."

"Stirling, Jan. 31, 1848.

"DEAR SIR,—The Revalenta Arabica has been of immense service to me.

"WILLIAM STEWART."

"72, Leeds Street, Liverpool,
"Feb. 7th, 1848.

"Thanks to the Revalenta Food, I have been entirely relieved in a very short time from the most distressing symptoms of Indigestion, Low Spirits, Despondency, &c., and which for two years had resisted the most active treatment, &c., &c.

"THOMAS WALLS."

"High-street, Maryport, Cumberland,
"May 18, 1848.

"GENTLEMEN,—It is now three weeks since I tried your 'Revalenta Arabica,' and I am happy to say that it has had the desired effect, in restoring me to health again.

"ANTHONY KITCHEN."

Agents in London: HEDGES & BUTLER, 155, Regent-street; FORTNUM, MASON, & Co., 181 and 182, Piccadilly.

Discovered, grown, and imported by DU BARRY and Co., 8, Bury-court, St. Mary-Axe, London.

In Canisters of 1lb at 4*s.* 6*d.*; 4lb at 11*s.*; 10lb at 22*s.*; super-refined quality, 1½lb at 11*s.*; 4lb, 22*s*; and 8lb, 33*s.*; suitably packed for all climates.

Canisters forwarded by DU BARRY and Co, on receipt of post-office or bankers' orders, carriage free to any railroad station connected with London, at the rate of 1*s.* for carriage, and at 2*s.* for freight, to any port in Scotland or Ireland connected with London by steam or sailing vessels. Shipments abroad attended to.

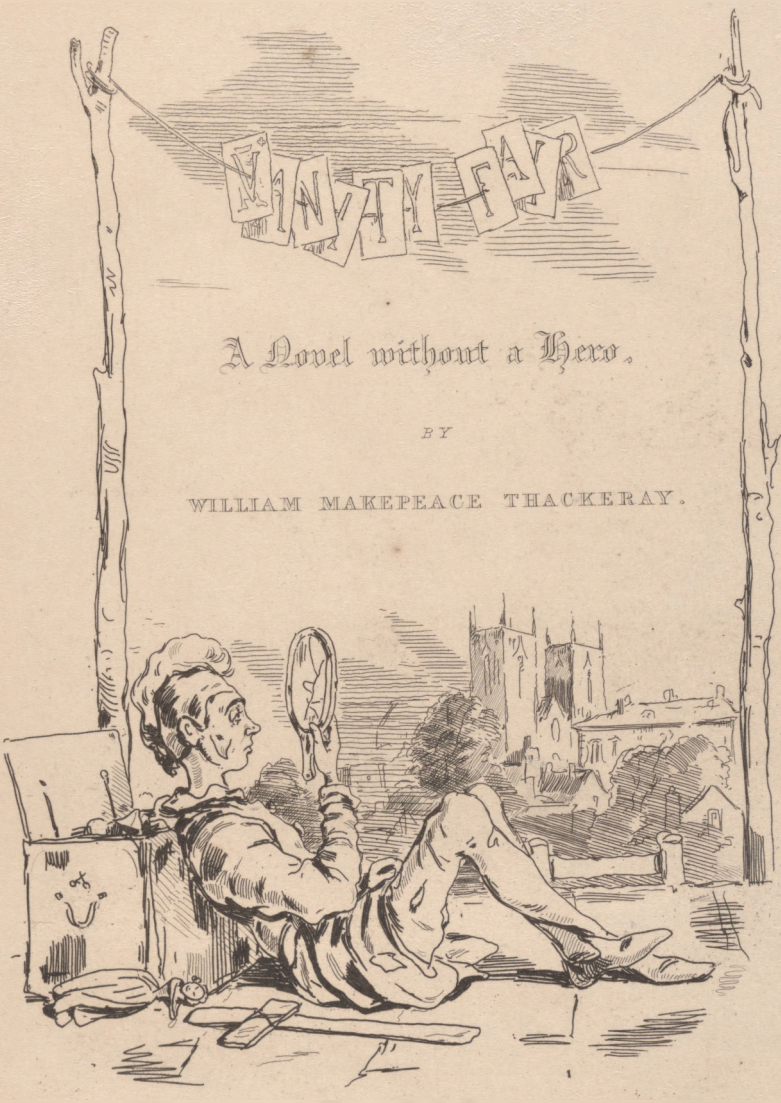
*** THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

A Popular Treatise on "INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION," entitled "*The Natural Regenerator of the Digestive Organs without Medicine,*" by DU BARRY & Co., forwarded by them Post free, on receipt of letter-stamps for 8*d.*, People's Copy; or 2*s.*, Court Copy.

Baby's second appearance in the character of Clytemnestra

Virtue rewarded; A booth in Vanity Fair

The letter before Waterloo.



A Novel without a Hero.

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LONDON.

BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

1848.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A VAGABOND CHAPTER.

We must pass over a part of Mrs. Rebecca

fashion at present prevailing, [illegible]
ness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner, so that nobody's fine feelings may be offended. I defy any one to say that our Becky, who has certainly some vices, has not been presented to the public in a perfectly genteel and inoffensive manner. In describing this syren, singing and smiling, coaxing and cajoling, the author, with modest pride, asks his readers all round, has he once forgotten the laws of politeness, and showed the monster's hideous tail above water? No! Those who like may peep down under waves that are pretty transparent, and see it writhing and twirling, diabolically hideous and slimy, flapping amongst bones, or curling round corpses; but above the water-line, I ask, has not everything been proper, agreeable, and decorous, and has any the most squeamish immoralist in Vanity Fair a right to cry fie? When, however, the syren disappears and dives below, down among the dead men, the water of course grows turbid over her, and

New Work by the Author of "Vanity Fair."

On the First of October will be Published, price 1*s.*, (*to be continued Monthly*),

No. I. OF

PENDENNIS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Vanity Fair," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," "The Snob Papers" in Punch, &c. &c.

With Illustrations on Steel and Wood by the Author.

No. 11, BOUVERIE STREET,
June 30, 1848.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A VAGABOND CHAPTER.

WE must pass over a part of Mrs. Rebecca Crawley's biography with that lightness and delicacy which the world demands—the moral world, that has, perhaps, no particular objection to vice, but an insuperable repugnance to hearing vice called by its proper name. There are things we do and know perfectly well in Vanity Fair, though we never speak them: as the Ahrimanians worship the devil, but don't mention him: and a polite public will no more bear to read an authentic description of vice than a truly-refined English or American female will permit the word breeches to be pronounced in her chaste hearing. And yet, Madam, both are walking the world before our faces every day, without much shocking us. If you were to blush every time they went by, what complexions you would have! It is only when their naughty names are called out that your modesty has any occasion to show alarm or sense of outrage, and it has been the wish of the present writer, all through this story, deferentially to submit to the fashion at present prevailing, and only to hint at the existence of wickedness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner, so that nobody's fine feelings may be offended. I defy any one to say that our Becky, who has certainly some vices, has not been presented to the public in a perfectly genteel and inoffensive manner. In describing this syren, singing and smiling, coaxing and cajoling, the author, with modest pride, asks his readers all round, has he once forgotten the laws of politeness, and showed the monster's hideous tail above water? No! Those who like may peep down under waves that are pretty transparent, and see it writhing and twirling, diabolically hideous and slimy, flapping amongst bones, or curling round corpses; but above the water-line, I ask, has not everything been proper, agreeable, and decorous, and has any the most squeamish immoralist in Vanity Fair a right to cry fie? When, however, the syren disappears and dives below, down among the dead men, the water of course grows turbid over her, and

it is labour lost to look into it ever so curiously. They look pretty enough when they sit upon a rock, twanging their harps and combing their hair, and sing, and beckon to you to come and hold the looking-glass; but when they sink into their native element, depend on it those mermaids are about no good, and we had best not examine the fiendish marine cannibals, revelling and feasting on their wretched pickled victims. And so, when Becky is out of the way, be sure that she is not particularly well employed, and that the less that is said about her doings is in fact the better.

If we were to give a full account of her proceedings during a couple of years that followed after the Curzon Street catastrophe, there might be some reason for people to say this book was improper. The actions of very vain, heartless, pleasure-seeking people are very often improper (as are many of yours, my friend with the grave face and spotless reputation; —but that is merely by the way); and what are those of a woman without faith—or love—or character? And I am inclined to think that there was a period in Mrs. Becky's life, when she was seized, not by remorse, but by a kind of despair, and absolutely neglected her person, and did not even care for her reputation.

This *abattement* and degradation did not take place all at once: it was brought about by degrees, after her calamity, and after many struggles to keep up—as a man who goes overboard hangs on to a spar whilst any hope is left, and then flings it away and goes down, when he finds that struggling is in vain.

She lingered about London whilst her husband was making preparations for his departure to his seat of government: and it is believed made more than one attempt to see her brother-in-law, Sir Pitt Crawley, and to work upon his feelings which she had almost enlisted in her favour. As Sir Pitt and Mr. Wenham were walking down to the House of Commons, the latter spied Mrs. Rawdon in a black veil, and lurking near the palace of the legislature. She sneaked away when her eyes met those of Wenham, and indeed never succeeded in her designs upon the Baronet.

Probably Lady Jane interposed. I have heard that she quite astonished her husband by the spirit which she exhibited in this quarrel, and her determination to disown Mrs. Becky. Of her own movement, she invited Rawdon to come and stop in Gaunt Street until his departure for Coventry Island, knowing that with him for a guard Mrs. Becky would not try to force her door: and she looked curiously at the superscriptions of all the letters which arrived for Sir Pitt, lest he and his sister-in-law should be corresponding. Not but that Rebecca could have written had she a mind: but she did not try to see or to write to Pitt at his own house, and after one or two attempts consented to his demand that the correspondence regarding her conjugal differences should be carried on by lawyers only.

The fact was, that Pitt's mind had been poisoned against her. A short time after Lord Steyne's accident Wenham had been with the Baronet; and given him such a biography of Mrs. Becky as had astonished the member for Queen's Crawley. He knew everything regarding her: who her father was; in what year her mother danced at the Opera; what had

been her previous history, and what her conduct during her married life: —as I have no doubt that the greater part of the story was false and dictated by interested malevolence, it shall not be repeated here. But Becky was left with a sad sad reputation in the esteem of a country gentleman and relative who had been once rather partial to her.

The revenues of the Governor of Coventry Island are not large. A part of them was set aside by his Excellency for the payment of certain debts and the insurance of his life; the charges incident to his high situation required considerable expense; finally, it was found that he could not spare to his wife more than three hundred pounds a year, which he proposed to pay to her on an undertaking that she would never trouble him. Otherwise: scandal, separation, Doctors' Commons would ensue. But it was Mr. Wenham's business, Lord Steyne's business, Rawdon's, everybody's—to get her out of the country, and hush up a most disagreeable affair.

She was probably so much occupied in arranging these affairs of business with her husband's lawyers, that she forgot to make any step whatever about her son, the little Rawdon, and did not even once propose to go and see him. That young gentleman was consigned to the entire guardianship of his aunt and uncle, the former of whom had always possessed a great share of the child's affection. His mamma wrote him a neat letter from Boulogne when she quitted England, in which she requested him to mind his book, and said she was going to take a Continental tour, during which she would have the pleasure of writing to him again. But she never did for a year afterwards, and not, indeed, until Sir Pitt's only boy, always sickly, died of hooping-cough and measles;—then Rawdon's mamma wrote the most affectionate composition to her darling son, who was made heir of Queen's Crawley by this accident, and drawn more closely than ever to the kind lady, whose tender heart had already adopted him. Rawdon Crawley, then grown a tall, fine lad, blushed when he got the letter. "Oh Aunt Jane, you are my mother!" he said; "and not—and not that one." But he wrote back a kind and respectful letter to Mrs. Rebecca, then living at a boarding-house at Florence.—But we are advancing matters.

Our darling Becky's first flight was not very far. She perched upon the French coast at Boulogne, that refuge of so much exiled English innocence; and there lived in rather a genteel, widowed manner, with a *femme de chambre* and a couple of rooms, at an hotel. She dined at the *table d'hôte*, where people thought her very pleasant, and where she entertained her neighbours by stories of her brother, Sir Pitt, and her great London acquaintance; talking that easy, fashionable slipslop, which has so much effect upon certain folks of small breeding. She passed with many of them for a person of importance; she gave little tea-parties in her private room, and shared in the innocent amusements of the place,—in sea-bathing, and in jaunts in open carriages, in strolls on the sands, and in visits to the play. Mrs. Burjoice, the printer's lady, who was boarding with her family at the hotel for the summer, and to whom her Burjoice came of a Saturday and Sunday, voted her charming; until that little rogue of a Burjoice began to pay her too much attention.

But there was nothing in the story, only that Becky was always affable, easy, and good-natured—and with men especially.

Numbers of people were going abroad as usual at the end of the season, and Becky had plenty of opportunities of finding out by the behaviour of her acquaintances of the great London world the opinion of "society" as regarded her conduct. One day it was Lady Partlet and her daughters whom Becky confronted as she was walking modestly on Boulogne pier, the cliffs of Albion shining in the distance across the deep blue sea. Lady Partlet marshalled all her daughters round her with a sweep of her parasol, and retreated from the pier darting savage glances at poor little Becky who stood alone there.

On another day the packet came in. It had been blowing fresh, and it always suited Becky's humour to see the droll woe-begone faces of the people as they emerged from the boat. Lady Slingstone happened to be on board this day. Her ladyship had been exceedingly ill in her carriage, and was greatly exhausted and scarcely fit to walk up the plank from the ship to the pier. But all her energies rallied the instant she saw Becky smiling roguishly under a pink bonnet: and giving her a glance of scorn, such as would have shrivelled up most women, she walked into the Custom House quite unsupported. Becky only laughed: but I don't think she liked it. She felt she was alone, quite alone; and the far-off shining cliffs of England were impassable to her.

The behaviour of the men had undergone too I don't know what change. Grinstone showed his teeth and laughed in her face with a familiarity that was not pleasant. Little Bob Suckling, who was cap in hand to her three months before, and would walk a mile in the rain to see for her carriage in the line at Gaunt House, was talking to Fitzoof of the Guards (Lord Heehaw's son) one day upon the jetty, as Becky took her walk there. Little Bobby nodded to her over his shoulder without moving his hat, and continued his conversation with the heir of Heehaw. Tom Raikes tried to walk into her sitting-room at the inn with a cigar in his mouth; but she closed the door upon him and would have locked it only that his fingers were inside. She began to feel that she was very lonely indeed. "If *he'd* been here," she said, "those cowards would never have dared to insult me." She thought about "him" with great sadness, and perhaps longing—about his honest, stupid, constant kindness and fidelity: his never-ceasing obedience; his good humour; his bravery and courage. Very likely she cried, for she was particularly lively, and had put on a little extra rouge when she came down to dinner.

She rouged regularly now: and—and her maid got Cognac for her besides that which was charged in the hotel bill.

Perhaps the insults of the men were not, however, so intolerable to her as the sympathy of certain women. Mrs. Crackenbury and Mrs. Washington White passed through Boulogne on their way to Switzerland. (The party were protected by Colonel Hornby, young Beaumoris, and of course old Crackenbury, and Mrs. White's little girl.) *They* did not avoid her. They giggled, cackled, tattled, condoled, consoled, and patronised her until they drove her almost wild with rage. To be patronised by *them!* she thought, as they went away simpering after kissing her. And she

heard Beaumoris's laugh ringing on the stair, and knew quite well how to interpret his hilarity.

It was after this visit that Becky, who had paid her weekly bills, Becky who had made herself agreeable to every body in the house, who smiled at the landlady, called the waiters "Monsieur," and paid the chambermaids in politeness and apologies, what far more than compensated for a little niggardliness in point of money (of which Becky never was free), that Becky, we say, received a notice to quit from the landlord, who had been told by some one that she was quite an unfit person to have at his hotel, where English ladies would not sit down with her. And she was forced to fly into lodgings, of which the dullness and solitude were most wearisome to her.

Still she held up, in spite of these rebuffs, and tried to make a character for herself, and conquer scandal. She went to church very regularly, and sang louder than anybody there. She took up the cause of the widows of the shipwrecked fishermen, and gave work and drawings for the Quashyboo Mission; she subscribed to the Assembly, and *would'nt* waltz. In a word, she did everything that was respectable, and that is why we dwell upon this part of her career with more fondness than upon subsequent parts of her history, which are not so pleasant. She saw people avoiding her, and still laboriously smiled upon them; you never could suppose from her countenance what pangs of humiliation she might be enduring inwardly.

Her history was after all a mystery. Parties were divided about her. Some people, who took the trouble to busy themselves in the matter, said that she was the criminal; whilst others vowed that she was as innocent as a lamb, and that her odious husband was in fault. She won over a good many by bursting into tears about her boy, and exhibiting the most frantic grief when his name was mentioned, or she saw anybody like him. She gained good Mrs. Alderney's heart in that way, who was rather the Queen of British Boulogne, and gave the most dinners and balls of all the residents there, by weeping when Master Alderney came from Doctor Swishtail's academy to pass his holidays with his mother. "He and her Rawdon were of the same age, and *so* like," Becky said, in a voice choking with agony; whereas there was five years' difference between the boys' ages, and no more likeness between them than between my respected reader and his humble servant. Wenham, when he was going abroad, on his way to Kissingen to join Lord Steyne, enlightened Mrs. Alderney on this point, and told her how he was much more able to describe little Rawdon than his mamma, who notoriously hated him, and never saw him; how he was thirteen years old, while little Alderney was but nine; fair, while the other darling was dark,—in a word, caused the lady in question to repent of her good humour.

Whenever Becky made a little circle for herself with incredible toils and labour, somebody came and swept it down rudely, and she had all her work to begin over again. It was very hard: very hard: lonely, and disheartening.

There was Mrs. Newbright, who took her up for some time, attracted by the sweetness of her singing at church, and by her proper views upon

serious subjects, concerning which in former days, at Queen's Crawley, Mrs. Becky had had a good deal of instruction.—Well, she not only took tracts, but she read them. She worked flannel petticoats for the Quashyboos —cotton night-caps for the Cocoanut Indians—painted handscreens for the conversion of the Pope and the Jews—sate under Mr. Rowls, on Wednesdays, Mr. Huggleton on Thursdays, attended two Sunday services at church, besides Mr. Bawler, the Darbyite, in the evening, and all in vain. Mrs. Newbright had occasion to correspond with the Countess of Southdown about the Warmingpan Fund for the Feejee Islanders (for the management of which admirable charity both these ladies formed part of a female committee), and having mentioned her "sweet friend," Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, the Dowager Countess wrote back such a letter regarding Becky, with such particulars, hints, facts, falsehoods, and general comminations, that intimacy between Mrs. Newbright and Mrs. Crawley ceased forthwith: and all the serious world of Tours, where this misfortune took place, immediately parted company with the reprobate. Those who know the English Colonies abroad know that we carry with us our pride, pills, prejudices, Harvey-sauces, cayenne-peppers, and other Lares, making a little Britain wherever we settle down.

From one colony to another Becky fled uneasily. From Boulogue to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Caen, from Caen to Tours—trying with all her might to be respectable, and alas! always found out some day or other, and pecked out of the cage by the real daws.

Mrs. Hook Eagles took her up at one of these places:—a woman without a blemish in her character, and a house in Portman-square. She was staying at the hotel at Dieppe, whither Becky fled, and they made each other's acquaintance first at sea, where they were swimming together, and subsequently at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel. Mrs. Eagles had heard,—who indeed had not?—some of the scandal of the Steyne affair; but after a conversation with Becky, she pronounced that Mrs. Crawley was an angel, her husband a ruffian, Lord Steyne an unprincipled wretch, as everybody knew, and the whole case against Mrs. Crawley, an infamous and wicked conspiracy of that rascal Wenham. "If you were a man of any spirit, Mr. Eagles, you would box the wretch's ears the next time you see him at the Club," she said to her husband. But Eagles was only a quiet old gentleman, husband to Mrs. Eagles, with a taste for geology, and not tall enough to reach anybody's ears.

The Eagles then patronised Mrs. Rawdon, took her to live with her at her own house at Paris, quarrelled with the ambassador's wife because she would not receive her *protégée*, and did all that lay in woman's power to keep Becky straight in the paths of virtue and good repute.

Becky was very respectable and orderly at first, but the life of humdrum virtue grew utterly tedious to her before long. It was the same routine every day, the same dullness and comfort, the same drive over the same stupid Bois de Boulogne, the same company of an evening, the same Blair's Sermon of a Sunday night—the same opera always being acted over and over again: Becky was dying of weariness, when, luckily for her, young Mr. Eagles came from Cambridge, and his mother, seeing the impression which her little friend made upon him, straightway gave Becky warning.

Then she tried keeping house with a female friend; then the double *ménage* began to quarrel and get into debt. Then she determined upon a boarding-house existence, and lived for some time at that famous mansion kept by Madame de Saint Amour, in the Rue Royale, at Paris, where she began exercising her graces and fascinations upon the shabby dandies and fly-blown beauties who frequented her landlady's *salons*. Becky loved society, and, indeed, could no more exist without it than an opium-eater without his dram, and she was happy enough at the period of her boarding-house life. "The women here are as amusing as those in May-fair," she told an old London friend who met her—"only, their dresses are not quite so fresh. The men wear cleaned gloves, and are sad rogues, certainly, but they are not worse than Jack This, and Tom That. The mistress of the house is a little vulgar, but I don't think she is so vulgar as Lady ——" and here she named the name of a great leader of fashion that I would die rather than reveal. In fact, when you saw Madame de Saint Amour's rooms lighted up of a night, men with *plaques* and *cordons* at the *écarté* tables, and the women at a little distance, you might fancy yourself for a while in good society, and that Madame was a real Countess. Many people did so fancy: and Becky was for a while one of the most dashing ladies of the Countess's *salons*.

But it is probable that her old creditors of 1815 found her out and caused her to leave Paris, for the poor little woman was forced to fly from the city rather suddenly; and went thence to Brussels.

How well she remembered the place! She grinned as she looked up at the little *entresol* which she had occupied, and thought of the Bareacres family, bawling for horses and flight, as their carriage stood in the *porte-cochère* of the hotel. She went to Waterloo and to Lacken, where George Osborne's monument much struck her. She made a little sketch of it. "That poor Cupid!" she said; "how dreadfully he was in love with me, and what a fool he was! I wonder whether little Emmy is alive. It was a good little creature: and that fat brother of her's. I have his funny fat picture still among my papers. They were kind simple people."

At Brussels Becky arrived, recommended by Madame de Saint Amour to her friend, Madame la Comtesse de Borodino, widow of Napoleon's General, the famous Count de Borodino, who was left with no resource by the deceased hero but that of a *table-d'hôte* and an *écarté* table. Second-rate dandies and *roués*, widow-ladies who always have a law-suit, and very simple English folks, who fancy they see "Continental society" at these houses, put down their money, or ate their meals, at Madame de Borodino's tables. At the *table-d'hôte* the gallant young fellows treated the company round to champagne, rode out with the women, or hired horses on country excursions, clubbed money to take boxes at the play or the Opera, betted over the fair shoulders of the ladies at the *écarté* tables, and wrote home to their parents, in Devonshire, about their felicitous introduction to foreign society.

Here, as at Paris, Becky was a boarding-house queen: and ruled in select *pensions*. She never refused the champagne, or the bouquets, or the drives into the country, or the private boxes; but what she preferred was

the *écarté* at night,—and she played audaciously. First she played only for a little, then for five-franc pieces, then for Napoleons, then for notes: then she would not be able to pay her month's *pension:* then she borrowed from the young gentlemen: then she got into cash again, and bullied Madame de Borodino, whom she had coaxed and wheedled before: then she was playing for ten sous at a time, and in a dire state of poverty: then her quarter's allowance would come in, and she would pay off Madame de Borodino's score: and would once more take the cards against Monsieur de Rossignol, or the Chevalier de Raff.

When Becky left Brussels, the sad truth is, that she owed three months' *pension* to Madame de Borodino, of which fact, and of the gambling, and of the drinking, and of the going down on her knees to the Reverend Mr. Muff, Ministre Anglican, and borrowing money of him, and of her coaxing

and flirting with Milor Noodle, son of Sir Noodle, pupil of the Rev. Mr. Muff, whom she used to take into her private room, and of whom she won large sums at *écarté*—of which fact, I say, and of a hundred of her

other knaveries, the Countess de Borodino informs every English person who stops at her establishment, and announces that Madame Rawdon was no better than *à vipère*.

So our little wanderer went about setting up her tent in various cities of Europe, as restless as Ulysses or Bampfylde Moore Carew. Her taste for disrespectability grew more and more remarkable. She became a perfect Bohemian ere long, herding with people whom it would make your hair stand on end to meet.

There is no town of any mark in Europe but it has its little colony of English raffs—men whose names Mr. Hemp the officer reads out periodically at the Sheriffs' Court—young gentlemen of very good family often, only that the latter disowns them; frequenters of billiard-rooms and estaminets, patrons of foreign races and gaming-tables. They people the debtors' prisons—they drink and swagger—they fight and brawl—they run away without paying—they have duels with French and German officers—they cheat Mr. Spooney at *écarté*—they get the money, and drive off to Baden in magnificent britzkas—they try their infallible martingale, and lurk about the tables with empty pockets, shabby bullies, penniless bucks, until they can swindle a Jew banker with a sham bill of exchange, or find another Mr. Spooney to rob. The alternations of splendour and misery which these people undergo are very queer to view. Their life must be one of great excitement. Becky—must it be owned?—took to this life, and took to it not unkindly. She went about from town to town among these Bohemians. The lucky Mrs. Rawdon was known at every play-table in Germany. She and Madame de Cruchecassée kept house at Florence together. It is said she was ordered out of Munich; and my friend Mr. Frederic Pigeon avers that it was at her house at Lausanne that he was hocussed at supper and lost eight hundred pounds to Major Loder and the Honourable Mr. Deuceace. We are bound, you see, to give some account of Becky's biography; but of this part, the less, perhaps, that is said the better.

They say, that when Mrs. Crawley was particularly down on her luck, she gave concerts and lessons in music here and there. There was a Madame de Raudon, who certainly had a *matinée musicale* at Wildbad, accompanied by Herr Spoff, premier pianist to the Hospodar of Wallachia, and my little friend Mr. Eaves, who knew every body, and had travelled everywhere, always used to declare that he was at Strasburg in the year 1830, when a certain Madame Rebecque made her appearance in the opera of the *Dame Blanche*, giving occasion to a furious row in the theatre there. She was hissed off the stage by the audience, partly from her own incompetency, but chiefly from the ill-advised sympathy of some persons in the *parquet*, (where the officers of the garrison had their admissions); and Eaves was certain that the unfortunate *débutante* in question was no other than Mrs. Rawdon Crawley.

She was, in fact, no better than a vagabond upon this earth. When she got her money she gambled; when she had gambled it she was put to shifts to live; who knows how or by what means she succeeded? It is said that she once was seen at St. Petersburgh, but was summarily dismissed from that capital by the police, so that there cannot be any

possibility of truth in the report that she was a Russian spy at Töplitz and Vienna afterwards. I have even been informed, that at Paris she discovered a relation of her own, no less a person than her maternal grandmother, who was not by any means a Montmorenci, but a hideous old box-opener at a theatre on the Boulevards. The meeting between them, of which other persons, as it is hinted elsewhere, seem to have been acquainted, must have been a very affecting interview. The present historian can give no certain details regarding the event.

It happened at Rome once, that Mrs. de Rawdon's half-year's salary had just been paid into the principal banker's there, and, as every body who had a balance of above five hundred scudi was invited to the balls which this prince of merchants gave during the winter, Becky had the honour of a card, and appeared at one of the Prince and Princess Polonia's splendid evening entertainments. The Princess was of the family of Pompili, lineally descended from the second king of Rome, and Egeria of the house of Olympus, while the Prince's grandfather, Alessandro Polonia, sold wash-balls, essences, tobacco, and pocket-handkerchiefs, ran errands for gentlemen, and lent money in a small way. All the great company in Rome thronged to his saloons—Princes, Dukes, Ambassadors, artists, fiddlers, monsignori, young bears with their leaders—every rank and condition of man. His halls blazed with light and magnificence; were resplendent with gilt frames, (containing pictures) and dubious antiques; and the enormous gilt crown and arms of the princely owner, a gold mushroom on a crimson field (the colour of the pocket-handkerchiefs which he sold), and the silver fountain of the Pompili family shone all over the roof, doors, and panels of the house, and over the grand velvet baldaquins prepared to receive Popes and Emperors.

So Becky, who had arrived in the diligence from Florence, and was lodged at an inn in a very modest way, got a card for Prince Polonia's entertainment, and her maid dressed her with unusual care, and she went to this fine ball leaning on the arm of Major Loder, with whom she happened to be travelling at the time; (the same man who shot Prince Ravioli at Naples the next year, and was caned by Sir John Buckskin for carrying four kings in his hat besides those which he used in playing at *écarté*,)—and this pair went into the rooms together, and Becky saw a number of old faces which she remembered in happier days, when she was not innocent, but not found out. Major Loder knew a great number of foreigners, keen-looking whiskered men with dirty striped ribbons in their button-holes, and a very small display of linen; but his own countrymen, it might be remarked, eschewed the Major. Becky, too, knew some ladies here and there—French widows, dubious Italian countesses, whose husbands had treated them ill—faugh—what shall we say, we who have moved among some of the finest company of Vanity Fair, of this refuse and sediment of rascals? If we play, let it be with clean cards, and not with this dirty pack. But every man who has formed one of the innumerable army of travellers has seen these marauding irregulars hanging on, like Nym and Pistol, to the main force; wearing the king's colours, and boasting of his commission, but pillaging for themselves, and occasionally gibbeted by the road-side.

Well, she was hanging on the arm of Major Loder, and they went through the rooms together, and drank a great quantity of champagne at the buffet, where the people, and especially the Major's irregular corps, struggled furiously for refreshments, of which when the pair had had

enough, they pushed on until they reached the Duchess's own pink velvet saloon, at the end of the suite of apartments (where the statue of the Venus is, and the great Venice looking-glasses, framed in silver,) and where the princely family were entertaining their most distinguished guests at a round table at supper. It was just such a little select banquet as that of which Becky recollected that she had partaken at Lord Steyne's—and there he sat at Polonia's table, and she saw him.

The scar cut by the diamond on his white, bald, shining forehead, made a burning red mark; his red whiskers were dyed of a purple hue, which made his pale face look still paler. He wore his collar and orders, his blue ribbon and garter. He was a greater prince than any there, though there was a reigning duke and a royal highness, with their princesses, and at his lordship's side was seated the beautiful Countess of Belladonna, née de Glandier, whose husband (the Count Paolo della Belladonna) so well known for his brilliant entomological collections, had been long absent on a mission to the Emperor of Morocco.

When Becky beheld that familiar and illustrious face, how vulgar all of a sudden did Major Loder appear to her, and how that odious Captain Rook did smell of tobacco! In one instant she reassumed her fine-ladyship, and tried to look and feel as if she was in May Fair once more. "That woman looks stupid and ill-humoured," she thought; "I am sure she can't amuse him. No, he must be bored by her—he never was by me." A hundred such touching hopes, fears, and memories palpitated in her little heart, as she looked with her brightest eyes (the rouge which she wore up to her eyelids made them twinkle) towards the great nobleman. Of a Star and Garter night Lord Steyne used also to put on his grandest manner, and to look and speak like a great prince, as he was. Becky admired him smiling sumptuously, easy, lofty, and stately. Ah, *bon dieu*, what a pleasant companion he was, what a brilliant wit, what a rich fund of talk, what a grand manner!—and she had exchanged this for Major Loder, reeking of cigars and brandy-and-water, and Captain Rook with his horse-jockey jokes and prize-ring slang, and their like. "I wonder whether he will know me," she thought. Lord Steyne was talking and laughing with a great and illustrious lady at his side, when he looked up and saw Becky.

She was all over in a flutter as their eyes met, and she put on the very best smile she could muster, and dropped him a little, timid, imploring curtsey. He stared aghast at her for a minute, as Macbeth might on beholding Banquo's sudden appearance at his ball-supper; and remained looking at her with open mouth, when that horrid Major Loder pulled her away.

"Come away into the supper-room, Mrs. R.," was that gentleman's remark; "seeing these nobs grubbing away has made me peckish too. Let's go and try the old governor's champagne." Becky thought the Major had had a great deal too much already.

The day after she went to walk on the Pincian Hill—the Hyde Park of the Roman idlers—possibly in hopes to have another sight of Lord Steyne. But she met another acquaintance there: it was Mr. Fenouil, his lordship's confidential man, who came up nodding to her rather familiarly, and putting a finger to his hat. "I knew that Madame was here," he said; "I followed her from her hotel. I have some advice to give Madame."

"From the Marquis of Steyne?" Becky asked, resuming as much of her dignity as she could muster, and not a little agitated by hope and expectation.

"No," said the valet; "it is from me. Rome is very unwholesome."

"Not at this season, Monsieur Fenouil,—not till after Easter."

"I tell Madame it is unwholesome now. There is always malaria for some people. That cursed marsh wind kills many at all seasons. Look, Madame Crawley, you were always *bon enfant*, and I have an interest in you, *parole d'honneur*. Be warned. Go away from Rome, I tell you—or you will be ill and die."

Becky laughed, though in rage and fury. "What! assassinate poor little me?" she said. "How romantic. Does my lord carry bravos for couriers, and stilettos in the fourgons? Bah! I will stay, if but to plague him. I have those who will defend me whilst I am here."

It was Monsieur Fenouil's turn to laugh now. "Defend you," he said, "and who? The Major, the Captain, any one of those gambling men whom Madame sees, would take her life for a hundred Louis. We know things about Major Loder (he is no more a Major than I am my Lord the Marquis) which would send him to the galleys or worse. We know everything, and have friends everywhere. We know whom you saw at Paris, and what relations you found there. Yes, Madame may stare, but we do. How was it that no minister on the Continent would receive Madame? She has offended somebody: who never forgives—whose rage redoubled when he saw you. He was like a madman last night when he came home. Madame de Belladonna made him a scene about you, and fired off in one of her furies.

"O, it was Madame de Belladonna, was it?" Becky said, relieved a little, for the information she had just got had scared her.

"No—she does not matter—she is always jealous. I tell you it was Monseigneur. You did wrong to show yourself to him. And if you stay here you will repent it. Mark my words. Go. Here is my lord's carriage"—and seizing Becky's arm, he rushed down an alley of the garden as Lord Steyne's barouche, blazing with heraldic devices, came whirling along the avenue, borne by the almost priceless horses, and bearing Madame de Belladonna lolling in the cushions, dark, sulky, and blooming, a King Charles in her lap, a white parasol swaying over her head, and old Steyne stretched at her side with a livid face and ghastly eyes. Hate, or anger, or desire, caused them to brighten now and then still; but ordinarily, they gave no light, and seemed tired of looking out on a world of which almost all the pleasure and all the best beauty had palled upon the worn-out wicked old man.

"Monseigneur has never recovered the shock of that night, never," Monsieur Fenouil whispered to Mrs. Crawley as the carriage flashed by, and she peeped out at it from behind the shrubs that hid her. "That was a consolation at any rate," Becky thought.

Whether my lord really had murderous intentions towards Mrs. Becky, as Monsieur Fenouil said—(since Monseigneur's death he has returned to his native country, where he lives much respected, and has purchased from his Prince the title of Baron Finelli),—and the factotum objected to have to do with assassination; or whether he simply had a commission to frighten Mrs. Crawley out of a city where his lordship proposed to pass the winter, and the sight of her would be eminently disagreeable to the great nobleman, is a point which has never been ascertained: but the threat had its effect upon the little woman, and she sought no more to intrude herself upon the presence of her old patron.

Everybody knows the melancholy end of that nobleman, which befel at Naples two months after the French Revolution of 1830: when the Most Honourable George Gustavus, Marquis of Steyne, Earl of Gaunt and of Gaunt Castle, in the Peerage of Ireland, Viscount Hellborough, Baron Pitchley and Grillsby, a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, of the Golden Fleece of Spain, of the Russian Order of Saint Nicholas of the First Class, of the Turkish Order of the Crescent, First Lord of the Powder Closet and Groom of the Back Stairs, Colonel of the Gaunt or

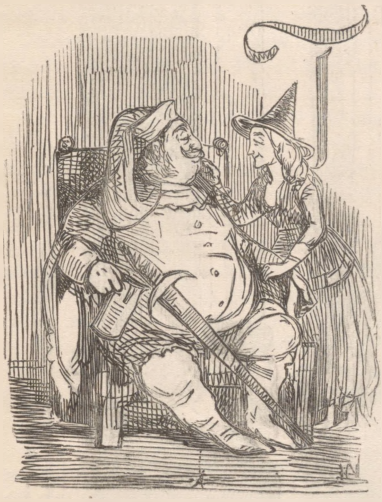
Regent's Own Regiment of Militia, a Trustee of the British Museum, an elder Brother of the Trinity House, a Governor of the Grey Friars, and D.C.L.,—died, after a series of fits, brought on, as the papers said, by the shock occasioned to his lordship's sensibilities by the downfall of the ancient French monarchy.

An eloquent catalogue appeared in a weekly print, describing his virtues, his magnificence, his talents, and his good actions. His sensibility, his attachment to the illustrious House of Bourbon, with which he claimed an alliance, were such that he could not survive the misfortunes of his august kinsmen. His body was buried at Naples, and his heart—that heart which always beat with every generous and noble emotion—was brought back to Castle Gaunt in a silver urn. "In him," Mr. Wagg said, "the poor and the Fine Arts have lost a beneficent patron, society one of its most brilliant ornaments, and England one of her loftiest patriots and statesmen," &c., &c.

His will was a good deal disputed, and an attempt was made to force from Madame de Belladonna the celebrated jewel called the "Jew's-eye" diamond, which his lordship always wore on his forefinger, and which it was said that she removed from it after his lamented demise. But his confidential friend and attendant, Monsieur Fenouil, proved that the ring had been presented to the said Madame de Belladonna two days before the marquis's death; as were the bank notes, jewels, Neapolitan and French bonds, &c., found in his lordship's secretaire, and claimed by his heirs, from that injured woman.

CHAPTER LXV.

FULL OF BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.



THE day after the meeting at the play-table, Jos had himself arrayed with unusual care and splendour, and without thinking it necessary to say a word to any member of his family regarding the occurrences of the previous night, or asking for their company in his walk, he sallied forth at an early hour, and was presently seen making inquiries at the door of the Elephant Hotel. In consequence of the *fêtes* the house was full of company, the tables in the street were already surrounded by persons smoking and drinking the national small-beer, the public rooms were in a cloud of smoke, and Mr. Jos having, in his pompous way, and with his clumsy German, made inquiries for the person of whom he was in search, was directed to the very top of the house, above the first-floor rooms where some travelling pedlars had lived, and were exhibiting their jewellery and brocades; above the second-floor apartments occupied by the *état major* of the gambling firm; above the third-floor rooms, tenanted by the band of renowned Bohemian vaulters and tumblers; and so on to the little cabins of the roof, where, among students, bag-men, small tradesmen, and country-folks, come in for the festival, Becky had found a little nest;—as dirty a little refuge as ever beauty lay hid in.

Becky liked the life She was at home with everybody in the place, pedlars, punters, tumblers, students and all. She was of a wild, roving nature, inherited from father and mother, who were both Bohemians, by taste and circumstance; if a Lord was not by, she would talk to his courier with the greatest pleasure; the din, the stir, the drink, the smoke, the tattle of the Hebrew pedlars, the solemn, braggart ways of the poor

tumblers, the sonorous talk of the gambling-table officials, the songs and swagger of the students, and the general buzz and hum of the place had pleased and tickled the little woman, even when her luck was down, and she had not wherewithal to pay her bill. How pleasant was all the bustle to her now that her purse was full of the money, which little Georgy had won for her the night before!

As Jos came creaking and puffing up the final stairs, and was speechless when he got to the landing, and began to wipe his face and then to look for No. 92, the room where he was directed to seek for the person he

wanted, the door of the opposite chamber, No. 94, was open, and a student, in jack-boots and a dirty schlafrock, was lying on the bed smoking a long pipe; whilst another student in long yellow hair and a braided

coat, exceeding smart and dirty too, was actually on his knees at No. 92, bawling through the keyhole supplications to the person within.

"Go away," said a well-known voice, which made Jos thrill, "I expect somebody; I expect my grandpapa. He must'nt see you there."

"Angel Engländerinn!" bellowed the kneeling student with the whitey-brown ringlets and the large finger-ring, "do take compassion upon us. Make an appointment. Dine with me and Fitz at the inn in the park. We will have roast pheasants and porter, plum-pudding and French wine. We shall die if you do'nt."

"That we will," said the young nobleman on the bed—and this colloquy Jos overheard, though he did not comprehend it for the reason that he had never studied the language in which it was carried on.

"*Newmero kattervang dooze, si vous plait,*" Jos said in his grandest manner, when he was able to speak.

"*Quater fang tooce!*" said the student, starting up, and he bounced into his own room, where he locked the door, and where Jos heard him laughing with his comrade on the bed.

The gentleman from Bengal was standing disconcerted by this incident when the door of the 92 opened of itself, and Becky's little head peeped out full of archness and mischief. She lighted on Jos. "It's you," she said, coming out. "How I have been waiting for you! Stop! not yet—in one minute you shall come in." In that instant she put a rouge-pot, a brandy bottle, and a plate of broken meat into the bed, gave one smooth to her hair, and finally let in her visitor.

She had, by way of morning robe, a pink domino, a trifle faded and soiled, and marked here and there with pomatum; but her arms shone out from the loose sleeves of the dress very white and fair, and it was tied round her little waist, so as not ill to set off the trim little figure of the wearer. She led Jos by the hand into her garret. "Come in," she said. "Come, and talk to me. Sit yonder on the chair;" and she gave the civilian's hand a little squeeze, and laughingly placed him upon it. As for herself, she placed herself on the bed—not on the bottle and plate, you may be sure—on which Jos might have reposed, had he chosen that seat; and so there she sate and talked with her old admirer.

"How little years have changed you," she said, with a look of tender interest. "I should have known you anywhere; what a comfort it is amongst strangers to see once more the frank honest face of an old friend!"

The frank honest face, to tell the truth, at this moment bore any expression but one of openness and honesty: it was, on the contrary, much perturbed and puzzled in look. Jos was surveying the queer little apartment in which he found his old flame. One of her gowns hung over the bed, another depending from a hook of the door: her bonnet obscured half the looking-glass, on which, too, lay the prettiest little pair of bronze boots; a French novel was on the table by the bed side, with a candle, not of wax. Becky had thought of popping that into the bed too, but she only put in the little paper night-cap, with which she had put the candle out on going to sleep.

"I should have known you anywhere," she continued; "a woman never forgets some things. And you were the first man I ever—I ever saw."

"Was I, really?" said Jos. "God bless my soul, you—you don't say so."

"When I came with your sister from Chiswick, I was scarcely more than a child," Becky said. "How is that dear love? Oh, her husband was a sad wicked man, and of course, it was of me that the poor dear was jealous. As if I cared about him, heigho: when there was somebody—but no—don't let us talk of old times;" and she passed her handkerchief with the tattered lace across her eyelids.

"Is not this a strange place," she continued, "for a woman, who has lived in a very different world too, to be found in? I have had so many griefs and wrongs, Joseph Sedley, I have been made to suffer so cruelly, that I am almost made mad sometimes. I can't stay still in any place, but wander about always restless and unhappy. All my friends have been false to me—all. There is no such thing as an honest man in the world. I was the truest wife that ever lived, though I married my husband out of pique, because somebody else—but never mind that. I was true, and he trampled upon me, and deserted me. I was the fondest mother. I had but one child, one darling, one hope, one joy, which I held to my heart with a mother's affection, which was my life, my prayer, my—my blessing; and they—they tore it from me—tore it from me;" and she put her hand to her heart with a passionate gesture of despair, burying her face for a moment on the bed.

The brandy-bottle inside clinked up against the plate which held the cold sausage. Both were moved, no doubt, by the exhibition of so much grief. Max and Fritz were at the door listening with wonder to Mrs. Becky's sobs and cries. Jos, too, was a good deal frightened and affected at seeing his old flame in this condition. And she began, forthwith, to tell her story—a tale so neat, simple, and artless, that it was quite evident from hearing her, that if ever there was a white-robed angel escaped from heaven to be subject to the infernal machinations and villany of fiends here below, that spotless being—that miserable unsullied martyr, was present on the bed before Jos—on the bed, sitting on the brandy-bottle.

They had a very long, amicable, and confidential talk there; in the course of which, Jos Sedley was somehow made aware (but in a manner that did not in the least scare or offend him) that Becky's heart had first learned to beat at his enchanting presence: that George Osborne had certainly paid an unjustifiable court to *her*, which might account for Amelia's jealousy, and their little rupture; but that Becky never gave the least encouragement to the unfortunate officer, and that she had never ceased to think about Jos from the very first day she had seen him, though, of course, her duties as a married woman were paramount—duties which she had always preserved, and would, to her dying day, or until the proverbially bad climate in which Colonel Crawley was living, should release her from a yoke which his cruelty had rendered odious to her.

Jos went away, convinced that she was the most virtuous, as she was one of the most fascinating of women, and revolving in his mind all sorts of benevolent schemes for her welfare. Her persecutions ought to be ended: she ought to return to the society of which she was an ornament. He would see what ought to be done. She must quit that place, and

take a quiet lodging. Amelia must come and see her, and befriend her. He would go and settle about it, and consult with the Major. She wept tears of heartfelt gratitude as she parted from him, and pressed his hand as the gallant stout gentleman stooped down to kiss her's.

So Becky bowed Jos out of her little garret with as much grace as if it was a palace of which she did the honours; and that heavy gentleman having disappeared down the stairs, Hans and Fritz came out of their hole, pipe in mouth, and she amused herself by mimicking Jos to them as she munched her cold bread and sausage and took draughts of her favourite brandy-and-water.

Jos walked over to Dobbin's lodgings with great solemnity, and there imparted to him the affecting history with which he had just been made acquainted, without, however, mentioning the play-business of the night before. And the two gentlemen were laying their heads together, and consulting as to the best means of being useful to Mrs. Becky, while she was finishing her interrupted *déjeûner à la fourchette.*

How was it that she had come to that little town? How was it that she had no friends and was wandering about alone? Little boys at school are taught in their earliest Latin book, that the path of Avernus is very easy of descent. Let us skip over the interval in the history of her downward progress. She was not worse now than she had been in the days of her prosperity, only a little down on her luck.

As for Mrs. Amelia, she was a woman of such a soft and foolish disposition, that when she heard of anybody unhappy, her heart straightway melted towards the sufferer; and as she had never thought or done anything mortally guilty herself, she had not that abhorrence for wickedness which distinguishes moralists much more knowing. If she spoiled everybody who came near her with kindness and compliments,—if she begged pardon of all her servants for troubling them to answer the bell,—if she apologised to a shop-boy who showed her a piece of silk, or made a curtsey to a street-sweeper, with a complimentary remark upon the elegant state of his crossing—and she was almost capable of every one of these follies—the notion that an old acquaintance was miserable was sure to soften her heart; nor would she hear of anybody's being deservedly unhappy. A world under such legislation as her's, would not be a very orderly place of abode; but there are not many women, at least not of the rulers, who are of her sort. This lady, I believe, would have abolished all gaols, punishments, handcuffs, whippings, poverty, sickness, hunger, in the world; and was such a mean-spirited creature, that—we are obliged to confess it—she could even forget a mortal injury.

When the Major heard from Jos of the sentimental adventure which had just befallen the latter, he was not, it must be confessed, nearly as much interested as the gentleman from Bengal. On the contrary, his excitement was quite the reverse from a pleasurable one; he made use of a brief but improper expression regarding a poor woman in distress, saying, in fact, —"the little minx, has she come to light again?" He never had had the slightest liking for her, but, on the contrary, had heartily mistrusted her from the very first moment when her green eyes had looked at, and turned away from, his own.

"That little devil brings mischief wherever she goes," the Major said, disrespectfully. "Who knows what sort of life she has been leading; and what business has she here abroad and alone? Don't tell me about persecutors and enemies; an honest woman always has friends, and never is separated from her family. Why has she left her husband? He may have been disreputable and wicked, as you say. He always was. I remember the confounded blackleg, and the way in which he used to cheat and hoodwink poor George. Was 'nt there a scandal about their separation? I think I heard something," cried out Major Dobbin, who did not care much about gossip; and whom Jos tried in vain to convince that Mrs. Becky was in all respects a most injured and virtuous female.

"Well, well; let 's ask Mrs. George," said that arch-diplomatist of a Major. "Only let us go and consult *her*. I suppose you will allow that *she* is a good judge at any rate, and knows what is right in such matters."

"Hm! Emmy is very well," said Jos, who did not happen to be in love with his sister.

"Very well? by Gad, Sir, she's the finest lady I ever met in my life," bounced out the Major. "I say at once, let us go and ask her if this woman ought to be visited or not—I will be content with her verdict." Now this odious, artful rogue of a Major was thinking in his own mind that he was sure of his case. Emmy, he remembered, was at one time cruelly and deservedly jealous of Rebecca, never mentioned her name but with a shrinking and terror—a jealous woman never forgives, thought Dobbin: and so the pair went across the street to Mrs. George's house, where she was contentedly warbling at a music-lesson with Madame Strumpff.

When that lady took her leave, Jos opened the business with his usual pomp of words. "Amelia, my dear," said he, "I have just had the most extraordinary—yes—God bless my soul! the most extraordinary adventure—an old friend—yes, a most interesting old friend of yours, and I may say in old times, has just arrived here, and I should like you to see her."

"Her!" said Amelia, "who is it? Major Dobbin, if you please not to break my scissars." The Major was twirling them round by the little chain from which they sometimes hung to their lady's waist, and was thereby endangering his own eye.

"It is a woman whom I dislike very much," said the Major, doggedly; "and whom you have no cause to love."

"It is Rebecca, I 'm sure it is Rebecca," Amelia said blushing, and being very much agitated.

"You are right; you always are," Dobbin answered. Brussels, Waterloo, old, old times, griefs, pangs, remembrances, rushed back into Amelia's gentle heart, and caused a cruel agitation there.

"Don't let me see her," Emmy continued. "I couldn't see her."

"I told you so," Dobbin said to Jos.

"She is very unhappy, and—and that sort of thing," Jos urged. "She is very poor and unprotected: and has been ill—exceedingly ill—and that scoundrel of a husband has deserted her."

"Ah!" said Amelia.

"She hasn't a friend in the world," Jos went on, not undexterously; "and she said she thought she might trust in you. She 's so miserable,

Emmy. She has been almost mad with grief. Her story quite affected me: —'pon my word and honour, it did—never was such a cruel persecution borne so angelically, I may say. Her family has been most cruel to her."

"Poor creature!" Amelia said.

"And if she can get no friend, she says she thinks she'll die," Jos proceeded, in a low tremulous voice.—"God bless my soul! do you know that she tried to kill herself? She carries laudanum with her—I saw the bottle in her room—such a miserable little room—at a third-rate house, the Elephant, up in the roof at the top of all. I went there."

This did not seem to affect Emmy. She even smiled a little. Perhaps she figured Jos to herself panting up the stair.

"She's beside herself with grief," he resumed. "The agonies that woman has endured are quite frightful to hear of. She had a little boy, of the same age as Georgy."

"Yes, yes, I think I remember," Emmy remarked. "Well?"

"The most beautiful child ever seen," Jos said, who was very fat, and easily moved, and had been touched by the story Becky told; "a perfect angel, who adored his mother. The ruffians tore him shrieking out of her arms, and have never allowed him to see her."

"Dear Joseph," Emmy cried out, starting up at once, "let us go and see her this minute." And she ran into her adjoining bed-chamber, tied on her bonnet in a flutter, came out with her shawl on her arm, and ordered Dobbin to follow.

He went and put her shawl—it was a white Cashmere, consigned to the Major himself from India—over her shoulders. He saw there was nothing for it but to obey; and she put her hand into his arm, and they went away.

"It is number 92, up four pair of stairs," Jos said, perhaps not very willing to ascend the steps again; but he placed himself in the window of his drawing-room, which commands the place on which the Elephant stands, and saw the pair marching through the market.

It was as well that Becky saw them too from her garret; for she and the two students were chattering and laughing there; they had been joking about the appearance of Becky's grandpapa—whose arrival and departure they had witnessed—but she had time to dismiss them, and have her little room clear before the landlord of the Elephant, who knew that Mrs. Osborne was a great favourite at the Serene Court, and respected her accordingly, led the way up the stairs to the roof-story, encouraging Miladi and the Herr Major as they achieved the ascent.

"Gracious lady, gracious lady!" said the landlord, knocking at Becky's door; he had called her Madame the day before, and was by no means courteous to her.

"Who is it?" Becky said, putting out her head, and she gave a little scream. There stood Emmy in a tremble, and Dobbin, the tall Major, with his cane.

He stood still watching, and very much interested at the scene; but Emmy sprang forward with open arms towards Rebecca, and forgave her at that moment, and embraced her and kissed her with all her heart. Ah, poor wretch, when was your lip pressed before by such pure kisses?

CHAPTER LXVI.

AMANTIUM IRÆ.

RANKNESS and kindness such as Amelia's were likely to touch even such a hardened little reprobate as Becky. She returned Emmy's caresses and kind speeches with something very like gratitude, and an emotion that, if it was not lasting, for a moment was almost genuine. That was a lucky stoke of her's about the child "torn from her arms shrieking." It was by that harrowing misfortune that Becky had won her friend back, and it was one of the very first points, we may be certain, upon which our poor simple little Emmy began to talk to her new found acquaintance.

"And so they took your darling child from you," our simpleton cried out. "Oh, Rebecca, my poor dear suffering friend, I know what it is to lose a boy, and to feel for those who have lost one. But please Heaven your's will be restored to you, as a merciful, merciful Providence has brought me back mine."

"The child, my child? Oh, yes, my agonies were frightful," Becky owned, not perhaps without a twinge of conscience. It jarred upon her, to be obliged to commence instantly to tell lies in reply to so much confidence and simplicity. But that is the misfortune of beginning with this kind of forgery. When one fib becomes due as it were, you must forge another to take up the old acceptances, and so the stock of your lies in circulation inevitably multiplies, and the danger of detection increases every day.

"My agonies," Becky continued, "were terrible (I hope she won't sit down on the bottle) when they took him away from me; I thought I

should die; but I fortunately had a brain fever, during which my doctor gave me up, and—and I recovered, and—and here I am poor and friendless."

"How old is he?" Emmy asked.

"Eleven," said Becky.

"Eleven!" cried the other. Why, he was born the same year with Georgy, who is—"

"I know, I know," Becky cried out, who had in fact quite forgotten all about little Rawdon's age. "Grief has made me forget so many things, dearest Amelia. I am very much changed: half wild sometimes. He was eleven when they took him away from me. Bless his sweet face; I have never seen it again."

"Was he fair or dark?" went on that absurd little Emmy. "Show me his hair."

Becky almost laughed at her simplicity. "Not to-day, love,—some other time, when my trunks arrive from Leipzic, whence I came to this place,—and a little drawing of him, which I made in happy days."

"Poor Becky, poor Becky!" said Emmy. "How thankful, how thankful I ought to be!" (though I doubt whether that practice of piety inculcated upon us by our womankind in early youth, namely to be thankful because we are better off than somebody else, be a very rational religious exercise;) and then she began to think as usual, how her son was the handsomest, the best, and the cleverest boy in the whole world.

"You will see my Georgy," was the best thing Emmy could think of to console Becky. If anything could make her comfortable that would.

And so the two women continued talking for an hour or more, during which Becky had the opportunity of giving her new friend a full and complete version of her private history. She showed how her marriage with Rawdon Crawley had always been viewed by the family with feelings of the utmost hostility; how her sister-in-law (an artful woman) had poisoned her husband's mind against her; how he had formed odious connexions, which had estranged his affections from her; how she had borne everything—poverty, neglect, coldness from the being whom she most loved—and all for the sake of her child; how, finally, and by the most flagrant outrage, she had been driven into demanding a separation from her husband, when the wretch did not scruple to ask that she should sacrifice her own fair fame so that he might procure advancement through the means of a very great and powerful but unprincipled man—the Marquis of Steyne, indeed. The atrocious monster!

This part of her eventful history Becky gave with the utmost feminine delicacy, and the most indignant virtue. Forced to fly her husband's roof by this insult, the coward had pursued his revenge, by taking her child from her. And thus Becky said she was a wanderer, poor, unprotected, friendless, and wretched.

Emmy received this story, which was told at some length, as those persons who are acquainted with her character may imagine that she would. She quivered with indignation at the account of the conduct of the miserable Rawdon and the unprincipled Steyne. Her eyes made notes of admiration for every one of the sentences in which Becky described the

persecutions of her aristocratic relatives, and the falling away of her husband. (Becky did not abuse him. She spoke rather in sorrow than in anger. She had loved him only too fondly: and was he not the father of her boy?) And as for the separation-scene from the child, while Becky was reciting it, Emmy retired altogether behind her pocket handkerchief, so that the consummate little tragedian must have been charmed to see the effect which her performance produced on her audience.

Whilst the ladies were carrying on their conversation, Amelia's constant escort, the Major, who, of course, did not wish to interrupt their conference, and finding himself rather tired of creaking about the narrow stair passage of which the roof brushed the nap from his hat, descended to the ground-floor of the house and into the great room common to all the frequenters of the Elephant, out of which the stair led. This apartment is always in a fume of smoke, and liberally sprinkled with beer. On a dirty table stand scores of corresponding brass-candlesticks with tallow candles for the lodgers, whose keys hang up in rows over the candles. Emmy had passed blushing through the room anon, where all sorts of people were collected; Tyrolese glove-sellers and Danubian linen-merchants, with their packs; students recruiting themselves with butterbrods and meat; idlers, playing cards or dominoes on the sloppy, beery tables; tumblers refreshing during the cessation of their performances;—in a word, all the *fumum* and *strepitus* of a German inn in fair time. The waiter brought the Major a mug of beer, as a matter of course; and he took out a cigar, and amused himself with that pernicious vegetable and a newspaper until his charge should come down to claim him.

Max and Fritz came presently down stairs, their caps on one side, their spurs jingling, their pipes splendid with coats-of-arms and full-blown tassels; and they hung up the key of No. 90 on the board, and called for the ration of butterbrod and beer. The pair sate down by the Major, and fell into a conversation of which he could not help hearing somewhat. It was mainly about "Fuchs" and "Philister," and duels and drinking-bouts at the neighbouring University of Schoppenhausen, from which renowned seat of learning they had just come in the Eilwagen, with Becky, as it appeared, by their side, and in order to be present at the bridal fêtes at Pumpernickel.

"The little Engländerinn seems to be *en bays de gonnoissance*," said Max, who knew the French language, to Fritz, his comrade. "After the fat grandfather went away, there came a pretty little compatriot. I heard them chattering and whimpering together in the little woman's chamber."

"We must take the tickets for her concert," Fritz said. "Hast thou any money, Max?"

"Bah," said the other, "the concert is a concert *in nubibus*. Hans said that she advertised one at Leipzic: and the Burschen took many tickets. But she went off without singing. She said in the coach yesterday that her pianist had fallen ill at Dresden. She cannot sing, it is my belief: her voice is as cracked as thine, O thou beer-soaking Renowner!"

"It is cracked; *I* heard her trying out of her window a schrecklich English ballad, called 'De Rose upon de Balgony.'"

"Saufen und singen go not together," observed Fritz with the red nose,

who evidently preferred the former amusement. No, thou shalt take none of her tickets. She won money at the *trente* and *quarante* last night. I saw her: she made a little English boy play for her. We will spend

thy money there or at the theatre, or we will treat her to French wine or Cognac in the Aurelius Garden, but the tickets we will not buy. What sayest thou? Yet, another mug of beer?" and one and another successively having buried their blond whiskers in the mawkish draught, curled them and swaggered off into the fair.

The Major, who had seen the key of number 90 put up on its hook, and had heard the conversation of the two young university bloods, was not at a loss to understand that their talk related to Becky. "The little devil is at her old tricks," he thought, and he smiled as he recalled old days, when he had witnessed the desperate flirtation with Jos, and the ludicrous end of that adventure. He and George had often laughed over it subsequently, and until a few weeks after George's marriage, when he seemed to be caught in the little Circe's toils too, and had an understanding with her which his comrade might have suspected, but preferred to ignore. William was too much hurt or ashamed to ask to fathom that disgraceful mystery, although once, and evidently with remorse on his mind, George had alluded to it. It was on the morning of Waterloo as the young men stood together in front of their line, surveying the black masses of Frenchmen who crowned the opposite

heights, and as the rain was coming down, "I have been mixing in a foolish intrigue with a woman," George said. "I am glad we were marched away. If I drop, I hope Emmy will never know of that business. I wish to God it had never been begun!" And William, he was pleased to think, and had more than once soothed poor George's widow with the narrative, that Osborne, after quitting his wife, and after the action of Quatre Bras, on the first day, spoke gravely and affectionately to his comrade of his father and his wife. On these facts, too, William had insisted very strongly in his conversations with the elder Osborne: and had thus been the means of reconciling the old gentleman to his son's memory, just at the close of the elder man's life.

"And so this devil is still going on with her intrigues," thought William. "I wish she were a hundred miles from here. She brings mischief wherever she goes." And he was pursuing these forebodings and this uncomfortable train of thought, with his head between his hands, and the "Pumpernickel Gazette" of last week unread under his nose, when somebody tapped his shoulder with a parasol, and he looked up and saw Mrs. Amelia.

This woman had a way of tyrannising over Major Dobbin (for the weakest of all people will domineer over somebody), and she ordered him about, and patted him, and made him fetch and carry just as if he was a great Newfoundland dog. He liked, so to speak, to jump into the water if she said "High, Dobbin!" and to trot behind her with her reticule in his mouth. This history has been written to very little purpose if the reader has not perceived that the Major was a spooney.

"Why did you not wait for me, Sir, to escort me downstairs?" she said, giving a little toss of her head, and a most sarcastic curtsey.

"I couldn't stand up in the passage," he answered, with a comical deprecatory look, and delighted to give her his arm, and to take her out of the horrid smoky place; he would have walked off without even so much as remembering the waiter, had not the young fellow run after him and stopped him on the threshold of the Elephant to make him pay for the beer which he had not consumed. Emmy laughed: she called him a naughty man, who wanted to run away in debt; and, in fact, made some jokes suitable to the occasion and the small-beer. She was in high spirits and good humour, and tripped across the market-place very briskly. She wanted to see Jos that instant. The Major laughed at the impetuous affection Mrs. Amelia exhibited; for, in truth, it was not very often that she wanted her brother "that instant."

They found the Civilian in his saloon on the first floor; he had been pacing the room, and biting his nails, and looking over the market-place towards the Elephant a hundred times at least during the past hour, whilst Emmy was closeted with her friend in the garret, and the Major was beating the tattoo on the sloppy tables of the public room below, and he was, on his side too, very anxious to see Mrs. Osborne.

"Well?" said he.

"The poor dear creature, how she has suffered!" Emmy said.

"God bless my soul, yes," Jos said, wagging his head, so that his cheeks quivered like jellies.

"She may have Payne's room; who can go up stairs," Emmy continued. Payne was a staid English maid and personal attendant upon Mrs. Sedley, to whom the courier, as in duty bound, paid court, and whom Georgy used to "lark" dreadfully with accounts of German robbers and ghosts. She passed her time chiefly in grumbling, in ordering about her mistress, and in stating her intention to return the next morning to her native village of Clapham. "She may have Payne's room," Emmy said.

"Why, you don't mean to say you are going to have that woman into the *house?*" bounced out the Major, jumping up.

"Of course we are," said Amelia in the most innocent way in the world. "Don't be angry, and break the furniture, Major Dobbin. Of course we are going to have her here."

"Of course, my dear," Jos said.

"The poor creature, after all her sufferings," Emmy continued: "her horrid banker broken and run away: her husband—wicked wretch—having deserted her and taken her child away from her (here she doubled her two little fists and held them in a most menacing attitude before her, so that the Major was charmed to see such a dauntless virago), the poor dear thing! quite alone and absolutely forced to give lessons in singing to get her bread—and not have her here!"

"Take lessons, my dear Mrs. George," cried the Major, "but don't have her in the house. I implore you don't."

"Pooh," said Jos.

"You who are always good and kind: always used to be at any rate: I 'm astonished at you, Major William," Amelia cried. "Why, what is the moment to help her but when she is so miserable? Now is the time to be of service to her. The oldest friend I ever had, and not—"

"She was not always your friend, Amelia," the Major said, for he was quite angry. This allusion was too much for Emmy, who looking the Major almost fiercely in the face, said "For shame, Major Dobbin!" and, after having fired this shot, she walked out of the room with a most majestic air, and shut her own door briskly on herself and her outraged dignity.

"To allude to *that!*" she said, when the door was closed. "Oh it was cruel of him to remind me of it," and she looked up at George's picture, which hung there as usual, with the portrait of the boy underneath. "It was cruel of him. If I had forgiven it, ought he to have spoken? No. And it is from his own lips that I know how wicked and groundless my jealousy was; and that you were pure. Oh yes, you were pure, my saint in heaven!"

She paced the room trembling and indignant. She went and leaned on the chest of drawers over which the picture hung, and gazed and gazed at it. Its eyes seemed to look down on her with a reproach that deepened as she looked. The early dear, dear memories of that brief prime of love rushed back upon her. The wound which years had scarcely cicatrised bled afresh, and oh, how bitterly! She could not bear the reproaches of the husband there before her. It couldn't be. Never, never.

Poor Dobbin; poor old William! That unlucky word had undone the work of many a year—the long laborious edifice of a life of love and

constancy—raised too upon what secret and hidden foundations, wherein lay buried passions, uncounted struggles, unknown sacrifices—a little word was spoken, and down fell the fair palace of hope—one word, and away flew the bird which he had been trying all his life to lure!

William, though he saw by Amelia's looks that a great crisis had come, nevertheless continued to implore Sedley, in the most energetic terms, to beware of Rebecca: and he eagerly, almost frantically, abjured Jos not to receive her. He besought Jos eagerly to inquire at least regarding her: told him how he had heard that she was in the company of gamblers and people of ill repute: pointed out what evil she had done in former days: how she and Crawley had misled poor George into ruin: how she was now parted from her husband, by her own confession, and, perhaps, for good reason. What a dangerous companion she would be for his sister, who knew nothing of the affairs of the world! William implored Jos, with all the eloquence which he could bring to bear, and a great deal more energy than this quiet gentleman was ordinarily in the habit of showing, to keep Rebecca out of his household.

Had he been less violent, or more dexterous, he might have succeeded in his supplications to Jos; but the Civilian was not a little jealous of the airs of superiority which the Major constantly exhibited towards him, as he fancied (indeed, he had imparted his opinions to Mr. Kirsch, the courier, whose bills Major Dobbin checked on this journey, and who sided with his master), and he began a blustering speech about his competency to defend his own honour, his desire not to have his affairs meddled with, his intention, in fine, to rebel against the Major, when the colloquy—rather a long and stormy one—was put an end to in the simplest way possible, namely, by the arrival of Mrs. Becky, with a porter from the Elephant Hotel, in charge of her very meagre baggage.

She greeted her host with affectionate respect, and made a shrinking, but amicable, salutation to Major Dobbin, who, as her instinct assured her at once, was her enemy, and had been speaking against her; and the bustle and clatter consequent upon her arrival brought Amelia out of her room, who went up and embraced her guest with the greatest warmth, and took no notice of the Major, except to fling him an angry look—the most unjust and scornful glance that had perhaps ever appeared in that poor little woman's face since she was born. But she had private reasons of her own, and was bent upon being angry with him. And Dobbin, indignant at the injustice, not at the defeat, went off, making her a bow quite as haughty as the killing curtsey with which the little woman chose to bid him farewell.

He being gone, Emmy was particularly lively and affectionate to Rebecca, and bustled about the apartments and installed her guest in her room with an eagerness and activity seldom exhibited by our placid little friend. But when an act of injustice is to be done, especially by weak people, it is best that it should be done quickly; and Emmy thought she was displaying a great deal of firmness and proper feeling and veneration for the late Captain Osborne in her present behaviour.

Georgy came in from the fêtes for dinner-time, and found four covers laid as usual; but one of the places was occupied by a lady, instead

of by Major Dobbin. "Hullo! where's Dob?" the young gentleman asked, with his usual simplicity of language. "Major Dobbin is dining out, I suppose," his mother said; and, drawing the boy to her, kissed him a great deal, and put his hair off his forehead, and introduced him to Mrs. Crawley. "This is my boy, Rebecca," Mrs. Osborne said—as much as to say—can the world produce anything like that? Becky looked at him with rapture, and pressed his hand fondly. "Dear boy!" she said—"he is just like my——" Emotion choked her further utterance; but Amelia understood, as well as if she had spoken, that Becky was thinking of her own blessed child. However, the company of her friend consoled Mrs. Crawley, and she ate a very good dinner.

During the repast, she had occasion to speak several times, when Georgy eyed her and listened to her. At the dessert Emmy was gone out to superintend further domestic arrangements: Jos was in his great chair dozing over Galignani: Georgy and the new arrival sat close to each other: he had continued to look at her knowingly more than once, and at last he laid down the nut-crackers.

"I say," said Georgy.

"What do you say?" Becky said, laughing.

"You 're the lady I saw in the mask at the Rouge et Noir."

"Hush! you little sly creature," Becky said, taking up his hand and kissing it. "Your uncle was there too, and mamma mustn't know."

"Oh no—not by no means," answered the little fellow.

"You see we are quite good friends already," Becky said to Emmy, who now re-entered; and it must be owned that Mrs. Osborne had introduced a most judicious and amiable companion into her house.

William, in a state of great indignation, though still unaware of all the treason that was in store for him, walked about the town wildly until he fell upon the Secretary of Legation, Tapeworm, who invited him to dinner. As they were discussing that meal, he took occasion to ask the Secretary whether he knew anything about a certain Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, who had, he believed, made some noise in London; and then Tapeworm, who of course knew all the London gossip, and was besides a relative of Lady Gaunt, poured out into the astonished Major's ears such a history about Becky and her husband as astonished the querist, and supplied all the points of this narrative, for it was at that very table years ago that the present writer had the pleasure of hearing—Tufto, Steyne, the Crawleys, and their history—everything connected with Becky and her previous life passed under the record of the bitter diplomatist. He knew everything and a great deal besides, about all the world;—in a word, he made the most astounding revelations to the simple-hearted Major. When Dobbin said that Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. Sedley had taken her into their house, he burst into a peal of laughter which shocked the Major, and asked if they had not better send into the prison, and take in one or two of the gentlemen in shaved heads and yellow jackets, who swept the streets of Pumpernickel, chained in pairs, to board and lodge, and act as tutor to that little scapegrace Georgy.

This information astonished and horrified the Major not a little. It had

been agreed in the morning (before meeting with Rebecca) that Amelia should go to the Court ball that night. There would be the place to tell her. The Major went home and dressed himself in his uniform, and repaired to Court, in hopes to see Mrs. Osborne. She never came. When he returned to his lodgings all the lights in the Sedley tenement were put out. He could not see her till the morning. I don't know what sort of a night's rest he had with this frightful secret in bed with him.

At the earliest convenient hour in the morning he sent his servant across the way with a note, saying, that he wished very particularly to speak with her. A message came back to say, that Mrs. Osborne was exceedingly unwell, and was keeping her room.

She, too, had been awake all that night. She had been thinking of a thing which had agitated her mind a hundred times before. A hundred times on the point of yielding, she had shrunk back from a sacrifice which she felt was too much for her. She couldn't, in spite of his love and constancy, and her own acknowledged regard, respect, and gratitude. What are benefits, what is constancy, or merit? One curl of a girl's ringlet, one hair of a whisker, will turn the scale against them all in a minute. They did not weigh with Emmy more than with other women. She had tried them; wanted to make them pass; could not; and the pitiless little woman had found a pretext, and determined to be free.

When at length, in the afternoon, the Major gained admission to Amelia, instead of the cordial and affectionate greeting to which he had been accustomed now for many a long day, he received the salutation of a curtsey, and of a little gloved hand, retracted the moment after it was accorded to him.

Rebecca, too, was in the room, and advanced to meet him with a smile and an extended hand. Dobbin drew back rather confusedly. "I—I beg your pardon, Ma'am," he said; "but I am bound to tell you that it is not as your friend that I am come here now."

"Pooh! damn; don't let us have this sort of thing!" Jos cried out, alarmed, and anxious to get rid of a scene.

"I wonder what Major Dobbin has to say against Rebecca?" Amelia said in a low, clear voice with a slight quiver in it, and a very determined look about the eyes.

"I will *not* have this sort of thing in my house," Jos again interposed. "I say I will not have it: and Dobbin, I beg, Sir, you 'll stop it." And he looked round trembling and turning very red, and gave a great puff, and made for his door.

"Dear friend!" Rebecca said with angelic sweetness, "do hear what Major Dobbin has to say against me."

"I will *not* hear it, I say," squeaked out Jos at the top of his voice, and, gathering up his dressing-gown, was gone.

"We are only two women," Amelia said. "You can speak now, Sir."

"This manner towards me is one which scarcely becomes you, Amelia," the Major answered haughtily; "nor I believe am I guilty of habitual harshness to women. It is not a pleasure to me to do the duty which I am come to do."

"Pray proceed with it quickly, if you please, Major Dobbin," said

Amelia, who was more and more in a pet. The expression of Dobbin's face, as she spoke in this imperious manner, was not pleasant.

"I came to say—and as you stay, Mrs. Crawley, I must say it in your presence—that I think you—you ought not to form a member of the family of my friends. A lady who is separated from her husband, who travels not under her own name, who frequents public gaming-tables—"

"It was to the ball I went," cried out Becky.

"—is not a fit companion for Mrs. Osborne and her son," Dobbin went on: "and I may add that there are people here who know you, and who profess to know that regarding your conduct about which I don't even wish to speak before—before Mrs. Osborne."

"Your's is a very modest and convenient sort of calumny, Major Dobbin," Rebecca said. "You leave me under the weight of an accusation which, after all, is unsaid. What is it? Is it unfaithfulness to my husband? I scorn it, and defy anybody to prove it—I defy you, I say. My honour is as untouched as that of the bitterest enemy who ever maligned me. Is it of being poor, forsaken, wretched, that you accuse me? Yes, I am guilty of those faults, and punished for them every day. Let me go, Emmy. It is only to suppose that I have not met you, and I am no worse to-day than I was yesterday. It is only to suppose that the night is over and the poor wanderer is on her way. Don't you remember the song we used to sing in old, dear old days? I have been wandering ever since then—a poor castaway, scorned for being miserable, and insulted because I am alone. Let me go: my stay here interferes with the plans of this gentleman."

"Indeed it does, Madam," said the Major. "If I have any authority in this house—"

"Authority, none!" broke out Amelia. "Rebecca, you stay with me. *I* won't desert you, because you have been persecuted, or insult you, because—because Major Dobbin chooses to do so. Come away, dear." And the two women made towards their door.

William opened it. As they were going out, however, he took Amelia's hand, and said—"Will you stay a moment and speak to me?"

"He wishes to speak to you away from me," said Becky, looking like a martyr. Amelia griped her hand in reply.

"Upon my honour it is not about you that I am going to speak," Dobbin said. "Come back, Amelia," and she came. Dobbin bowed to Mrs. Crawley, as he shut the door upon her. Amelia looked at him, leaning against the glass: her face and her lips were quite white.

"I was confused when I spoke just now," the Major said, after a pause; "and I misused the word authority."

"You did," said Amelia, with her teeth chattering.

"At least I have claims to be heard," Dobbin continued.

"It is generous to remind me of our obligations to you," the woman answered.

"The claims I mean, are those left me by George's father," William said.

"Yes, and you insulted his memory. You did yesterday. You know you did. And I will never forgive you. Never!" said Amelia. She shot out each little sentence in a tremor of anger and emotion.

"You don't mean that, Amelia?" William said, sadly. "You don't mean that these words, uttered in a hurried moment, are to weigh against a whole life's devotion. I think that George's memory has not been injured by the way in which I have dealt with it, and if we are come to bandying reproaches, I at least merit none from his widow and the mother of his son. Reflect, afterwards when—when you are at leisure, and your conscience will withdraw this accusation. It does even now." Amelia held down her head.

"It is not that speech of yesterday," he continued, "which moves you. That is but the pretext, Amelia, or I have loved you and watched you for fifteen years in vain. Have I not learned in that time to read all your feelings, and look into your thoughts? I know what your heart is capable of: it can cling faithfully to a recollection, and cherish a fancy; but it can't feel such an attachment as mine deserves to mate with, and such as I would have won from a woman more generous than you. No, you are not worthy of the love which I have devoted to you. I knew all along that the prize I had set my life on was not worth the winning; that I was a fool, with fond fancies, too, bartering away my all of truth and ardour against your little feeble remnant of love. I will bargain no more: I withdraw. I find no fault with you. You are very good-natured, and have done your best; but you couldn't—you couldn't reach up to the height of the attachment which I bore you, and which a loftier soul than yours might have been proud to share. Good bye, Amelia! I have watched your struggle. Let it end. We are both weary of it."

Amelia stood scared and silent as William thus suddenly broke the chain by which she held him, and declared his independence and superiority. He had placed himself at her feet so long that the poor little woman had been accustomed to trample upon him. She didn't wish to marry him, but she wished to keep him. She wished to give him nothing, but that he should give her all. It is a bargain not unfrequently levied in love.

William's sally had quite broken and cast her down. *Her* assault was long since over and beaten back.

"Am I to understand then,—that you are going—away,—William?" she said.

He gave a sad laugh. "I went once before," he said, "and came back after twelve years. We were young then, Amelia. Good-bye. I have spent enough of my life at this play."

Whilst they had been talking, the door into Mrs. Osborne's room had opened ever so little; indeed, Becky had kept a hold of the handle, and had turned it on the instant when Dobbin quitted it; and she heard every word of the conversation that had passed between these two. "What a noble heart that man has," she thought, "and how shamefully that woman plays with it." She admired Dobbin; she bore him no rancour for the part he had taken against her. It was an open move in the game, and played fairly. "Ah!" she thought, "if I could have had such a husband as that—a man with a heart and brains too! I would not have minded his large feet;"—and, running into her room, she absolutely bethought herself of something, and wrote him a note, beseeching him to

stop for a few days—not to think of going—and that she could serve him with A.

The parting was over. Once more poor William walked to the door and was gone; and the little widow, the author of all this work, had her will, and had won her victory, and was left to enjoy it as she best might. Let the ladies envy her triumph.

At the romantic hour of dinner Mr. Georgy made his appearance, and again remarked the absence of "Old Dob." The meal was eaten in silence by the party; Jos's appetite not being diminished, but Emmy taking nothing at all.

After the meal, Georgy was lolling in the cushions of the old window, a large window, with three sides of glass abutting from the gable, and commanding on one side the Market Place, where the Elephant is, and in front the opposite side of "Goswell Street over the way," like the immortal casement of Mr. Pickwick,—Georgy, I say, was lolling in this window, his mother being busy hard by, when he remarked symptoms of movement at the Major's house on the other side of the street.

"Hullo!" said he, "there 's Dobs's trap—they are bringing it out of the court-yard." The "trap" in question was a carriage which the Major had bought for six pounds sterling, and about which they used to rally him a good deal.

Emmy gave a little start but said nothing.

"Hullo!" Georgy continued, "there 's Francis coming out with the portmanteaus, and Kunz, the one-eyed postilion, coming down the market with three schimmels. Look at his boots and yellow jacket,—aint he a rum one? Why—they 're putting the horses to Dobs's carriage. Is he going anywhere?"

"Yes," said Emmy; "he is going on a journey."

"Going a journey; and when is he coming back?"

"He is—not coming back," answered Emmy.

"Not coming back!" cried out Georgy, jumping up. "Stay here, Sir," roared out Jos. "Stay, Georgy," said his mother, with a very sad face. The boy stopped; kicked about the room; jumped up and down from the window-seat with his knees, and showed every symptom of uneasiness and curiosity.

The horses were put to. The baggage was strapped on. Francis came out with his master's sword, and cane, and umbrella tied up together, and laid them in the well, and his desk and old tin cocked-hat case, which he placed under the seat. Francis brought out the stained old blue cloak lined with red camlet, which had wrapped the owner up any time these fifteen years, and had *manchen Sturm erlebt*, as a favourite song of those days said. It had been new for the campaign of Waterloo, and had covered George and William after the night of Quatre Bras.

Old Burcke, the landlord of the lodgings came out, then Francis, with more packages—final packages—then Major William;—Burcke wanted to kiss him. The Major was adored by all people with whom he had to do. It was with difficulty he could escape from this demonstration of attachment.

"By Jove, I *will* go!" screamed out George. "Give him this," said

Becky, quite interested, and put a paper into the boy's hand. He had rushed down the stairs and flung across the street in a minute—the yellow postilion was cracking his whip gently.

William had got into the carriage, released from the embraces of his landlord. George bounded in afterwards and flung his arms round the Major's neck (as they saw from the window), and began asking him multiplied questions. Then he felt in his waistcoat-pocket and gave him a note. William seized at it rather eagerly, he opened it trembling, but instantly his countenance changed, and he tore the paper in two and dropped it out of the carriage. He kissed Georgy on the head, and the boy got out, doubling his fists into his eyes, and with the aid of Francis. He lingered with his hand on the panel. Fort Schwager! The yellow postilion cracked his whip prodigiously, up sprang Francis to the box, away went the schimmels, and Dobbin with his head on his breast. He never looked up as they passed under Amelia's window: and Georgy, left alone in the street, burst out crying in the face of all the crowd.

Emmy's maid heard him howling again during the night, and brought him some preserved apricots to console him. She mingled her lamentations with his. All the poor, all the humble, all honest folks, all good men who knew him, loved that kind-hearted and simple gentleman.

As for Emmy, had she not done her duty? She had her picture of George for a consolation.

CHAPTER LXVII.

WHICH CONTAINS BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

WHATEVER Becky's private plan might be by which Dobbin's true love was to be crowned with success, the little woman thought that the secret might keep, and indeed, being by no means so much interested about anybody's welfare as about her own, she had a great number of things pertaining to herself to consider, and which concerned her a great deal more than Major Dobbin's happiness in this life.

She found herself suddenly and unexpectedly in snug comfortable quarters: surrounded by friends, kindness, and good-natured simple people, such as she had not met with for many a long day; and, wanderer as she was by force and inclination, there were moments when rest was pleasant to her; as the most hardened Arab that ever careered across the Desert over the hump of a dromedary, likes to repose sometimes under the date-trees by the water; or to come into the cities, walk in the bazaars, refresh himself in the baths, and say his prayers in the Mosques, before he goes out again marauding. Jos's tents and pilau were pleasant to this little Ishmaelite. She picketted her steed, hung up her weapons, and warmed herself comfortably by his fire. The halt in that roving, restless life, was inexpressibly soothing and pleasant to her.

So, pleased herself, she tried with all her might to please everybody, and we know that she was eminent and successful as a practitioner in the art of giving pleasure. As for Jos, even in that little interview in the garret at the Elephant Inn, she had found means to win back a great deal

of his good will. In the course of a week, the civilian was her sworn slave and frantic admirer. He didn't go to sleep after dinner, as his custom was, in the much less lively society of Amelia. He drove out with her in his open carriage. He asked little parties and invented festivities to do her honour. Tapeworm, the Secretary of Legation, who had abused her so cruelly, came to dine with Jos, and then came every day to pay his respects to Becky. Poor Emmy, who was never very talkative, and more glum and silent than ever after Dobbin's departure, was quite forgotten when this superior genius made her appearance. The French Minister was as much charmed with her as his English rival. The German ladies, never particularly squeamish as regards morals, especially in English people, were delighted with the cleverness and wit of Mrs. Osborne's charming friend; and though she did not ask to go to Court, yet the most august and Transparent Personages there heard of her fascinations, and were quite curious to know her. When it became known that she was noble, of an ancient English family, that her husband was a Colonel of the Guard, Excellenz and Governor of an island, only separated from his lady by one of those trifling differences which are of little account in a country where "Werther" is still read, and the "Wahlverwandschaften" of Goethe is considered an edifying moral book; nobody thought of refusing to receive her in the very highest society of the little Duchy, and the ladies were even more ready to call her *du*, and to swear eternal friendship for her, than they had been to bestow the same inestimable benefits upon Amelia. Love and Liberty are interpreted by those simple Germans in a way which honest folks in Yorkshire and Somersetshire little understand, and a lady might, in some philosophic and civilised towns, be divorced ever so many times from her respective husbands, and keep her character in society. Jos's house never was so pleasant, since he had a house of his own, as Rebecca caused it to be. She sung, she played, she laughed, she talked in two or three languages, she brought every body to the house, and she made Jos believe that it was his own great social talents and wit which gathered the great society of the place round about him.

As for Emmy, who found herself not in the least mistress of her own house, except when the bills were to be paid, Becky soon discovered the way to soothe and please her. She talked to her perpetually about Major Dobbin sent about his business, and made no scruple of declaring her admiration for that excellent, high-minded gentleman, and of telling Emmy that she had behaved most cruelly regarding him. Emmy defended her conduct, and showed that it was dictated only by the purest religious principles; that a woman once, &c., and to such an angel as him whom she had had the good fortune to marry, was married for ever; but she had no objection to hear the Major praised as much as ever Becky chose to praise him; and indeed brought the conversation round to the Dobbin subject a score of times every day.

Means were easily found to win the favour of Georgy and the servants. Amelia's maid, it has been said, was heart and soul in favour of the generous Major. Having at first disliked Becky for being the means of dismissing

him from the presence of her mistress, she was reconciled to Mrs. Crawley subsequently, because the latter became William's most ardent admirer and champion. And in these mighty conclaves in which the two ladies indulged after their parties, and while Miss Payne was "brushing their 'airs," as she called the yellow locks of the one, and the soft brown tresses of the other, this girl always put in her word for that dear good gentleman Major Dobbin. Her advocacy did not make Amelia angry any more than Rebecca's admiration of him. She made George write to him constantly, and persisted in sending Mamma's kind love in a postscript. And as she looked at her husband's portrait of nights, it no longer reproached her—perhaps she reproached it, now William was gone.

Emmy was not very happy after her heroic sacrifice. She was very *distraite*, nervous, silent, and ill to please. The family had never known her so peevish. She grew pale and ill. She used to try and sing certain songs, ("Einsam bin ich nicht alleine," was one of them; that tender love-song of Weber's, which, in old-fashioned days, young ladies, and when you were scarcely born, showed that those who lived before you knew too how to love and to sing);—certain songs, I say, to which the Major was partial; and as she warbled them in the twilight in the drawing-room, she would break off in the midst of the song, and walk into her neighbouring apartment, and there, no doubt, take refuge in the miniature of her husband.

Some books still subsisted, after Dobbin's departure, with his name written in them; a German Dictionary, for instance, with "William Dobbin, —th Reg.," in the fly-leaf; a guide-book with his initials, and one or two other volumes which belonged to the Major. Emmy cleared these away, and put them on the drawers, where she placed her work-box, her desk, her Bible, and Prayer-book, under the pictures of the two Georges. And the Major, on going away, having left his gloves behind him, it is a fact that Georgy, rummaging his mother's desk sometime afterwards, found the gloves neatly folded up, and put away in what they call the secret drawers of the desk.

Not caring for society, and moping there a great deal, Emmy's chief pleasure in the summer evenings was to take long walks with Georgy (during which Rebecca was left to the society of Mr. Joseph), and then the mother and son used to talk about the Major in a way which even made the boy smile. She told him that she thought Major William was the best man in all the world; the gentlest and the kindest, the bravest, and the humblest. Over and over again, she told him how they owed everything which they possessed in the world to that kind friend's benevolent care of them; how he had befriended them all through their poverty and misfortunes; watched over them when nobody cared for them; how all his comrades admired him though he never spoke of his own gallant actions; how Georgy's father trusted him beyond all other men, and had been constantly befriended by the good William. "Why, when your Papa was a little boy," she said, "he often told me that it was William who defended him against a tyrant at the school where they were; and their friendship never ceased from that day until the last, when your dear father fell."

"Did Dobbin kill the man who killed Papa?" Georgy said. "I'm sure he did, or he would if he could have caught him; would 'nt he, Mother? When I'm in the army, won't I hate the French?—that 's all."

In such colloquies the mother and the child passed a great deal of their time together. The artless woman had made a confidant of the boy. He was as much William's friend as everybody else who knew him well.

By the way, Mrs. Becky, not to be behind-hand in sentiment, had got a miniature too hanging up in her room, to the surprise and amusement of most people, and the delight of the original, who was no other than our friend Jos. On her first coming to favour the Sedleys with a visit, the little woman, who had arrived with a remarkably small shabby kit, was perhaps ashamed of the meanness of her trunks and band-boxes, and often spoke with great respect about her baggage left behind at Leipzig, which she must have from that city. When a traveller talks to you perpetually about the splendour of his luggage, which he does not happen to have with him; my son, beware of that traveller! He is, ten to one, an impostor.

Neither Jos nor Emmy knew this important maxim. It seemed to them of no consequence whether Becky had a quantity of very fine clothes in invisible trunks; but as her present supply was exceedingly shabby, Emmy supplied her out of her own stores, or took her to the best milliner in the town, and there fitted her out. It was no more torn collars now, I promise you, and faded silks trailing off at the shoulder. Becky changed her habits with her situation in life—the rouge-pot was suspended—another excitement to which she had accustomed herself was also put aside, or at least only indulged in in privacy; as when she was prevailed on by Jos of a summer evening, Emmy and the boy being absent on their walks, to take a little spirit-and-water. But if she did not indulge—the courier did: that rascal Kirsch could not be kept from the bottle; nor could he tell how much he took when he applied to it. He was sometimes surprised himself at the way in which Mr. Sedley's Cognac diminished. Well, well; this is a painful subject. Becky did not very likely indulge so much as she used before she entered a decorous family.

At last the much-bragged about boxes arrived from Leipzig;—three of them not by any means large or splendid;—nor did Becky appear to take out any sort of dresses or ornaments from the boxes when they did arrive. But out of one, which contained a mass of her papers (it was that very box which Rawdon Crawley had ransacked in his furious hunt for Becky's concealed money), she took a picture with great glee, which she pinned up in her room, and to which she introduced Jos. It was the portrait of a gentleman in pencil, his face having the advantage of being painted up in pink. He was riding on an elephant away from some cocoa-nut trees, and a pagoda: it was an Eastern scene.

"God bless my soul, it is my portrait," Jos cried out. It was he indeed, blooming in youth and beauty, in a nankeen jacket of the cut of 1804. It was the old picture that used to hang up in Russell Square.

"I bought it," said Becky, in a voice trembling with emotion; "I went to see if I could be of any use to my kind friends. I have never parted with that picture—I never will."

"Won't you?" Jos cried, with a look of unutterable rapture and satisfaction. "Did you really now value it for my sake?"

"You know I did, well enough," said Becky; "but why speak,—why think,—why look back? It is too late now!"

That evening's conversation was delicious, for Jos. Emmy only came in to go to bed very tired and unwell. Jos and his fair guest had a charming *tête-à-tête* and his sister could hear, as she lay awake in her adjoining chamber, Rebecca singing over to Jos the old songs of 1815. He did not sleep, for a wonder, that night, any more than Amelia.

It was June, and, by consequence, high season in London; Jos, who read the incomparable "Galignani" (the exile's best friend) through every day, used to favour the ladies with extracts from his paper during their breakfast. Every week in this paper there is a full account of military movements, in which Jos, as a man who had seen service, was especially interested. On one occasion he read out—"Arrival of the —th regiment. —Gravesend, June 20.—The Ramchunder, East Indiaman, came into the river this morning, having on board 14 officers, and 132 rank and file of this gallant corps. They have been absent from England 14 years, having been embarked the year after Waterloo, in which glorious conflict they took an active part, and having subsequently distinguished themselves in the Burmese war. The veteran colonel, Sir Michael O'Dowd, K.C.B., with his lady and sister, landed here yesterday, with Captains Posky, Stubble, Macraw, Malony; Lieutenants Smith, Jones, Thompson, F. Thomson; Ensigns Hicks and Grady; the band on the pier playing the national anthem, and the crowd loudly cheering the gallant veterans as they went into Wayte's hotel, where a sumptuous banquet was provided for the defenders of Old England. During the repast, which we need not say was served up in Wayte's best style, the cheering continued so enthusiastically, that Lady O'Dowd and the Colonel came forward to the balcony, and drank the healths of their fellow-countrymen in a bumper of Wayte's best claret."

On a second occasion Jos read a brief announcement—Major Dobbin had joined the —th regiment at Chatham; and subsequently he promulgated accounts of the presentations at the Drawing-room, of Colonel Sir Michael O'Dowd, K.C.B., Lady O'Dowd (by Mrs. Molloy Malony of Ballymalony), and Miss Glorvina O'Dowd (by Lady O'Dowd). Almost directly after this, Dobbin's name appeared among the Lieutenant-Colonels: for old Marshal Tiptoff had died during the passage of the —th from Madras, and the Sovereign was pleased to advance Colonel Sir Michael O'Dowd to the rank of Major-General on his return to England, with an intimation that he should be Colonel of the distinguished regiment which he had so long commanded.

Amelia had been made aware of some of these movements. The

correspondence between George and his guardian had not ceased by any means: William had even written once or twice to her since his departure, but in a manner so unconstrainedly cold, that the poor woman felt now in her turn that she had lost her power over him, and that, as he had said, he was free. He had left her, and she was wretched. The memory of his almost countless services, and lofty and affectionate regard, now presented itself to her, and rebuked her day and night. She brooded over those recollections according to her wont; saw the purity and beauty of the affection with which she had trifled, and reproached herself for having flung away such a treasure.

It was gone indeed. William had spent it all out. He loved her no more, he thought, as he had loved her. He never could again. That sort of regard, which he had proffered to her for so many faithful years, can't be flung down and shattered, and mended so as to show no scars. The little heedless tyrant had so destroyed it. No, William thought again and again, "It was myself I deluded, and persisted in cajoling: had she been worthy of the love I gave her, she would have returned it long ago. It was a fond mistake. Isn't the whole course of life made up of such? and suppose I had won her, should I not have been disenchanted the day after my victory? Why pine, or be ashamed of my defeat?" The more he thought of this long passage of his life, the more clearly he saw his deception. "I'll go into harness again," he said, "and do my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Heaven to place me. I will see that the buttons of the recruits are properly bright, and that the serjeants make no mistakes in their accounts. I will dine at mess, and listen to the Scotch surgeon telling his stories. When I am old and broke, I will go on half-pay, and my old sisters shall scold me. I have 'geliebt and gelebet' as the girl in Wallenstein says. I am done.—Pay the bills, and get me a cigar: find out what there is at the play to-night, Francis; to-morrow we cross by the 'Batavier.'" He made the above speech, whereof Francis only heard the last two lines, pacing up and down the Boompjes at Rotterdam. The "Batavier" was lying in the basin. He could see the place on the quarter-deck, where he and Emmy had sate on the happy voyage out. What had that little Mrs. Crawley to say to him? Psha! to-morrow we will put to sea, and return to England, home, and duty!

After June all the little Court Society of Pumpernickel used to separate, according to the German plan, and make for a hundred watering-places, where they drank at the wells; rode upon donkeys; gambled at the *redoutes*, if they had money and a mind; rushed with hundreds of their kind, to gormandise at the *tables d'hôte;* and idled away the summer. The English diplomatists went off to Toeplitz and Kissingen, their French rivals shut up their *chancellerie* and whisked away to their darling Boulevard de Gand. The Transparent reigning family took, too, to the waters, or retired to their hunting-lodges. Everybody went away having any pretensions to politeness, and, of course, with them, Doctor von Glauber, the Court Doctor, and his Baroness. The seasons for the baths were the most produc-

tive periods of the Doctor's practice—he united business with pleasure, and his chief place of resort was Ostend, which is much frequented by Germans, and where the Doctor treated himself and his spouse to what he called a "dib" in the sea.

His interesting patient, Jos, was a regular milch cow to the Doctor, and he easily persuaded the civilian, both for his own health's sake and that of his charming sister, which was really very much shattered, to pass the summer at that hideous seaport town. Emmy did not care where she went much. Georgy jumped at the idea of a move. As for Becky, she came as a matter of course in the fourth place inside of the fine barouche Mr. Jos had bought: the two domestics being on the box in front. She might have some misgivings about the friends whom she should meet there, and who might be likely to tell ugly stories—but, bah! she was strong enough to hold her own. She had cast such an anchor in Jos now as would require a strong storm to shake. That incident of the picture had finished him. Becky took down her elephant, and put it into the little box which she had had from Amelia ever so many years ago. Emmy also came off with her Lares, —her two pictures,—and the party, finally, were lodged in an exceedingly dear and uncomfortable house at Ostend.

There Amelia began to take baths, and get what good she could from them, and though scores of people of Becky's acquaintance passed her and cut her, yet Mrs. Osborne, who walked about with her, and who knew nobody, was not aware of the treatment experienced by the friend whom she had chosen so judiciously as a companion; indeed, Becky never thought fit to tell her what was passing under her innocent eyes.

Some of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's acquaintances, however, acknowledged her readily enough,—perhaps more readily than she would have desired. Among these were Major Loder (unattached), Captain Rook (late of the Rifles), who might be seen any day at the Dyke, smoking and staring at the women, and who speedily got an introduction to the hospitable board and select circle of Mr. Joseph Sedley. In fact, they would take no denial; they burst into the house whether Becky was at home or not, walked into Mrs. Osborne's drawing-room, which they perfumed with their coats and mustachios, called Jos "Old buck," and invaded his dinner-table, and laughed and drank for long hours there.

"What can they mean?" asked Georgy, who did not like these gentlemen. "I heard the Major say to Mrs. Crawley yesterday, 'No, no, Becky, you shan't keep the old buck to yourself. We must have the bones in, or, dammy, I 'll split.' What could the Major mean, Ma?"

"Major! don't call him Major!" Emmy said. "I 'm sure I can't tell what he meant." His presence and that of his friend inspired the little lady with intolerable terror and aversion. They paid her tipsy compliments; they leered at her over the dinner-table. And the Captain made her advances that filled her with sickening dismay, nor would she ever see him unless she had George by her side.

Rebecca, also, to do her justice, never would let either of these men remain alone with Amelia; the Major was disengaged too, and swore he would be the winner of her. A couple of ruffians were fighting for this

innocent creature, gambling for her at her own table; and though she was not aware of the rascals' designs upon her, yet she felt a horror and uneasiness in their presence, and longed to fly.

She besought, she entreated Jos to come home. Not he. He was slow of movement, tied to his Doctor, and perhaps to some other leading-strings. At least Becky was not anxious to go to England.

At last she took a great resolution—made the great plunge. She wrote off a letter to a friend whom she had on the other side of the water; a letter about which she did not speak a word to anybody, which she carried herself to the post under her shawl, nor was any remark made about it; only that she looked very much flushed and agitated when Georgy met her; and she kissed him and hung over him a great deal that night. She did not come out of her room after her return from her walk. Becky thought it was Major Loder and the Captain who frightened her.

"She mustn't stop here," Becky reasoned with herself. "She must go away, the silly little fool. She is still whimpering after that gaby of a husband—dead, (and served right!) these fifteen years. She shan't marry either of these men. It's too bad of Loder. No; she shall marry the bamboo-cane, I'll settle it this very night."

So Becky took a cup of tea to Amelia in her private apartment, and found that lady in the company of her miniatures, and in a most melancholy and nervous condition. She laid down the cup of tea.

"Thank you," said Amelia.

"Listen to me, Amelia," said Becky, marching up and down the room before the other, and surveying her with a sort of contemptuous kindness. "I want to talk to you. You must go away from here and from the impertinences of these men. I won't have you harassed by them; and they will insult you if you stay. I tell you they are rascals; men fit to send to the hulks. Never mind how I know them. I know everybody. Jos can't protect you, he is too fat and weak, and wants a protector himself. You are no more fit to live in the world than a baby in arms. You must marry, or you and your precious boy will go to ruin. You must have a husband, you fool; and one of the best gentlemen I ever saw has offered you a hundred times, and you have rejected him, you silly, heartless, ungrateful little creature!"

"I tried—I tried my best, indeed I did, Rebecca," said Amelia, deprecatingly, but I could'nt forget —;" and she finished the sentence by looking up at the portrait.

"Could'nt forget *him!*" cried out Becky, "that selfish humbug, that low-bred cockney-dandy, that padded booby, who had neither wit, nor manners, nor heart, and was no more to be compared to your friend with the bamboo-cane than you are to Queen Elizabeth. Why, the man was weary of you, and would have jilted you, but that Dobbin forced him to keep his word. He owned it to me. He never cared for you. He used to sneer about you to me, time after time; and made love to me the week after he married you."

"It's false! It's false! Rebecca," cried out Amelia, starting up.

"Look there, you fool," Becky said, still with provoking good humour,

and taking a little paper out of her belt, she opened it and flung it into Emmy's lap. "You know his hand-writing. He wrote that to me—wanted me to run away with him—gave it me under your nose, the day before he was shot—and served him right!" Becky repeated.

Emmy did not hear her; she was looking at the letter. It was that which George had put into the bouquet and given to Becky on the night of the Duke of Richmond's ball. It was as she said: the foolish young man had asked her to fly.

Emmy's head sank down, and for almost the last time in which she shall be called upon to weep in this history, she commenced that work. Her head fell to her bosom, and her hands went up to her eyes; and there for awhile, she gave way to her emotions, as Becky stood on and regarded her. Who shall analyse those tears, and say whether they were sweet or bitter? Was she most grieved, because the idol of her life was humbled down and shivered at her feet, or indignant that her love had been so despised, or glad because the barrier was removed which modesty had placed between her and a new, a real affection? "There is nothing to forbid me now," she thought. "I may love him with all my heart now. O, I will, I will, if he will but let me, and forgive me." I believe it was this feeling rushed over all the others which agitated that gentle little bosom.

Indeed, she did not cry so much as Becky expected—the other soothed and kissed her—a rare mark of sympathy with Mrs. Becky. She treated Emmy like a child, and patted her head. "And now let us get pen and ink, and write to him to come this minute," she said.

"I—I wrote to him this morning," Emmy said, blushing exceedingly.

Becky screamed with laughter—"*Un biglietto*," she sang out with Rosina, "*eccolo qua!*"—the whole house echoed with her shrill singing.

Two mornings after this little scene, although the day was rainy and gusty, and Amelia had had an exceedingly wakeful night, listening to the wind roaring, and pitying all travellers by land and by water, yet she got up early, and insisted upon taking a walk on the Dyke with Georgy; and there she paced as the rain beat into her face, and she looked out westward across the dark sea line, and over the swollen billows which came tumbling and frothing to the shore. Neither spoke much, except now and then, when the boy said a few words to his timid companion, indicative of sympathy and protection.

"I hope he won't cross in such weather," Emmy said.

"I bet ten to one he does," the boy answered. "Look, mother, there 's the smoke of the steamer." It was that signal, sure enough.

But though the steamer was under weigh, he might not be on board; he might not have got the letter; he might not choose to come.—A hundred fears poured one over the other into the little heart, as fast as the waves on to the Dyke.

The boat followed the smoke into sight. Georgy had a dandy telescope, and got the vessel under view in the most skilful manner. And he made appropriate nautical comments upon the manner of the approach of the

steamer as she came nearer and nearer, dipping and rising in the water. The signal of an English steamer in sight went fluttering up to the mast on the pier. I dare say Mrs. Amelia's heart was in a similar flutter.

Emmy tried to look through the telescope over George's shoulder, but she could make nothing of it. She only saw a black eclipse bobbing up and down before her eyes.

George took the glass again and raked the vessel. "How she does pitch!" he said. "There goes a wave slap over her bows. There's only two people on deck besides the steersman. There's a man lying down, and a—chap in a—cloak with a—Hooray!—It's Dob by Jingo!" He clapped to the telescope and flung his arms round his mother. As for that lady: let us say what she did in the words of a favourite poet—*Δακρυοεν γελασασα.* She was sure it was William. It could be no other. What she had said about hoping that he would not come was all hypocrisy. Of course he would come: what could he do else but come? She knew he would come.

The ship came swiftly nearer and nearer. As they went in to meet her at the landing-place at the Quay, Emmy's knees trembled so that she scarcely could run. She would have liked to kneel down and say her prayers of thanks there. Oh, she thought, she would be all her life saying them!

It was such a bad day that as the vessel came alongside of the Quay there were no idlers abroad; scarcely even a commissioner on the look-out for the few passengers in the steamer. That young scape-grace George had fled too: and as the gentleman in the old cloak lined with red stuff stepped on to the shore, there was scarcely any one present to see what took place, which was briefly this:

A lady in a dripping white bonnet and shawl, with her two little hands out before her, went up to him, and in the next minute she had altogether disappeared under the folds of the old cloak, and was kissing one of his hands with all her might; whilst the other, I suppose, was engaged in holding her to his heart (which her head just about reached) and in preventing her from tumbling down. She was murmuring something about —forgive—dear William—dear, dear, dearest friend—kiss, kiss, kiss, and so forth—and in fact went on under the cloak in an absurd manner.

When Emmy emerged from it, she still kept tight hold of one of William's hands, and looked up in his face. It was full of sadness and tender love and pity. She understood its reproach, and hung down her head.

"It was time you sent for me, dear Amelia," he said.

"You will never go again, William."

"No, never," he answered: and pressed the dear little soul once more to his heart.

As they issued out of the Custom-house precincts, Georgy broke out on them, with his telescope up to his eye, and a loud laugh of welcome; he danced round the couple, and performed many facetious antics as he led them up to the house. Jos wasn't up yet; Becky not visible (though she looked at them through the blinds). Georgy ran off to see about

breakfast. Emmy, whose shawl and bonnet were off in the passage in the hands of Mrs. Payne, now went to undo the clasp of William's cloak, and—we will, if you please, go with George, and look after breakfast for the Colonel. The vessel is in port. He has got the prize he has been trying for all his life. The bird has come in at last. There it is with its head on his shoulder, billing and cooing close up to his heart, with soft outstretched fluttering wings. This is what he has asked for every day and hour for eighteeen years. This is what he pined after. Here it is—the summit, the end—the last page of the third volume. Good-bye, Colonel—God bless you, honest William !—Farewell, dear Amelia—Grow green again, tender little parasite, round the rugged old oak to which you cling !

Perhaps it was compunction towards the kind and simple creature, who had been the first in life to defend her, perhaps it was a dislike to all such sentimental scenes ; but Rebecca, satisfied with her part in the transaction, never presented herself before Colonel Dobbin and the lady whom he married. "Particular business," she said, took her to Bruges, whither she went ; and only Georgy and his uncle were present at the marriage ceremony. When it was over, and Georgy had rejoined his parents, Mrs. Becky returned (just for a few days) to comfort the solitary bachelor Joseph Sedley. He preferred a continental life, he said, and declined to join in housekeeping with his sister and her husband.

Emmy was very glad in her heart to think that she had written to her husband before she read or knew of that letter of George's. "I knew it all along," William said ; "but could I use that weapon against the poor fellow's memory ? It was that which made me suffer so when you——"

"Never speak of that day again," Emmy cried out, so contrite and humble, that William turned off the conversation, by his account of Glorvina and dear old Peggy O'Dowd, with whom he was sitting when the letter of recall reached him. "If you hadn't sent for me," he added with a laugh, "who knows what Glorvina's name might be now ?"

At present it is Glorvina Posky (now Mrs. Major Posky), she took him on the death of his first wife ; having resolved never to marry out of the regiment. Lady O'Dowd is also so attached to it that, she says, if anything were to happen to Mick, bedad she'd come back and marry some of 'em. But the Major-General is quite well, and lives in great splendour at O'Dowdstown, with a pack of beagles, and (with the exception of perhaps their neighbour, Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty) he is the first man of his county. Her Ladyship still dances jigs, and insisted on standing up to the Master of the Horse at the Lord Lieutenant's last ball. Both she and Glorvina declared that Dobbin had used the latter *sheamfully*, but Posky falling in, Glorvina was consoled, and a beautiful turban from Paris appeased the wrath of Lady O'Dowd.

When Colonel Dobbin quitted the service, which he did immediately after his marriage, he rented a pretty little country place in Hampshire,

not far from Queen's Crawley, where, after the passing of the Reform Bill, Sir Pitt and his family constantly resided now. All idea of a Peerage was out of the question, the baronet's two seats in Parliament being lost. He was both out of pocket and out of spirits by that catastrophe, failed in his health, and prophesied the speedy ruin of the Empire.

Lady Jane and Mrs. Dobbin became great friends—there was a perpetual crossing of pony-chaises between the Hall and the Evergreens, the Colonel's place (rented of his friend Major Ponto, who was abroad with his family.) Her Ladyship was godmother to Mrs. Dobbin's child, which bore her name, and was christened by the Rev. James Crawley, who succeeded his father in the living: and a pretty close friendship subsisted between the two lads, George and Rawdon, who hunted and shot together in the vacations, were both entered of the same College at Cambridge, and quarrelled with each other about Lady Jane's daughter, with whom they were both, of course, in love. A match between George and that young lady was long a favourite scheme of both the matrons, though I have heard that Miss Crawley herself inclined towards her cousin.

Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's name was never mentioned by either family. There were reasons why all should be silent regarding her. For wherever Mr. Joseph Sedley went, she travelled likewise; and that infatuated man seemed to be entirely her slave. The Colonel's lawyers informed him that his brother-in-law had effected a heavy insurance upon his life, whence it was probable that he had been raising money to discharge debts. He procured prolonged leave of absence from the East India House, and indeed his infirmities were daily increasing.

On hearing the news about the insurance, Amelia, in a good deal of alarm, entreated her husband to go to Brussels, where Jos then was, and inquire into the state of his affairs. The Colonel quitted home with reluctance (for he was deeply immersed in his "History of the Punjaub," which still occupies him, and much alarmed about his little daughter, whom he idolizes, and who was just recovering from the chicken-pox), and went to Brussels and found Jos living at one of the enormous hotels in that city. Mrs. Crawley, who had her carriage, gave entertainments, and lived in a very genteel manner, occupied another suite of apartments in the same hotel.

The Colonel, of course, did not desire to see that lady, or even think proper to notify his arrival at Brussels, except privately to Jos by a message through his valet. Jos begged the Colonel to come and see him that night, when Mrs. Crawley would be at a *soirée*, and when they could meet *alone*. He found his brother-in-law in a condition of pitiable infirmity; and dreadfully afraid of Rebecca, though eager in his praises of her. She tended him through a series of unheard-of illnesses, with a fidelity most admirable. She had been a daughter to him. "But—but—oh for God's sake, do come and live near me, and—and—see me sometimes," whimpered out the unfortunate man.

The Colonel's brow darkened at this. "We can't, Jos," he said. "Considering the circumstances, Amelia can't visit you."

"I swear to you—I swear to you on the Bible," gasped out Joseph,

wanting to kiss the book, "that she is as innocent as a child, as spotless as your own wife."

"It may be so," said the Colonel, gloomily; "but Emmy can't come to you. Be a man, Jos: break off this disreputable connexion. Come home to your family. We hear your affairs are involved."

"Involved!" cried Jos. "Who has told such calumnies? All my money is placed out most advantageously. Mrs. Crawley—that is—I mean,—it is laid out to the best interest."

"You are not in debt then? Why did you insure your life?"

"I thought—a little present to her—in case anything happened; and you know my health is so delicate—common gratitude you know—and I intend to leave all my money to you—and I can spare it out of my income, indeed I can," cried out William's weak brother-in-law.

The Colonel besought Jos to fly at once—to go back to India, whither Mrs. Crawley could not follow him; to do anything to break off a connexion which might have the most fatal consequences to him.

Jos clasped his hands, and cried,—"He would go back to India. He would do anything: only he must have time: they must'nt say anything to Mrs. Crawley:—she'd—she'd kill me if she knew it. You don't know what a terrible woman she is," the poor wretch said.

"Then, why not come away with me?" said Dobbin in reply; but Jos had not the courage. "He would see Dobbin again in the morning; he must on no account say that he had been there. He must go now. Becky might come in." And Dobbin quitted him full of forebodings.

He never saw Jos more. Three months afterwards Joseph Sedley died at Aix-la-Chapelle. It was found that all his property had been muddled away in speculations, and was represented by valueless shares in different bubble companies. All his available assets were the two thousand pounds for which his life was insured, and which were left equally between his beloved "sister Amelia, wife of, &c., and his friend and invaluable attendant during sickness, Rebecca, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Rawdon Crawley, C.B.," who was appointed administratrix.

The solicitor of the Insurance Company swore it was the blackest case that ever had come before him; talked of sending a commission to Aix to examine into the death, and the Company refused payment of the policy. But Mrs., or Lady Crawley, as she styled herself, came to town at once (attended with her solicitors, Messrs. Burke, Thurtell, and Hayes, of Thavies Inn,) and dared the Company to refuse the payment: invited examination: declared that she was the object of an infamous conspiracy, which had been pursuing her all through life, and triumphed finally. The money was paid, and her character established, but Colonel Dobbin sent back his share of the legacy to the Insurance Office, and rigidly declined to hold any communion with Rebecca.

She never was Lady Crawley, though she continued so to call herself. His Excellency Colonel Rawdon Crawley died of yellow fever at Coventry Island, most deeply beloved and deplored, and six weeks before the demise of his brother, Sir Pitt. The estate consequently devolved upon the present Sir Rawdon Crawley, Bart.

He, too, has declined to see his mother, to whom he makes a liberal allowance; and who, besides, appears to be very wealthy. The Baronet lives entirely at Queen's Crawley, with Lady Jane and her daughter; whilst Rebecca, Lady Crawley, chiefly hangs about Bath and Cheltenham, where a very strong party of excellent people consider her to be a most injured woman. She has her enemies. Who has not? Her life is her answer to them. She busies herself in works of piety. She goes to church, and never without a footman. Her name is in all the Charity Lists. The Destitute Orange-girl, the Neglected Washerwoman, the Distressed Muffin-man, find in her a fast and generous friend. She is always having stalls at Fancy Fairs for the benefit of these hapless beings. Emmy, her children, and the Colonel, coming to London some time back, found themselves suddenly before her at one of these fairs. She cast down her eyes demurely and smiled as they started away from her; Emmy skurrying off on the arm of George, (now grown a dashing young gentleman,) and the Colonel seizing up his little Janey, of whom he is fonder than of anything in the world—fonder even than of his "History of the Punjaub."

"Fonder than he is of me," Emmy thinks, with a sigh. But he never said a word to Amelia that was not kind and gentle; or thought of a want of hers that he did not try to gratify.

Ah! *Vanitas Vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

Preparing for Publication, with Illustrations by the Author,

THE

GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Author of "Vanity Fair:" "The Snob Papers" in Punch, &c. &c.

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

VANITY FAIR.

A Novel without a Hero.

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL AND WOOD BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1848.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

B. W. PROCTER

THIS STORY IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

As the Manager of the Performance sits before the curtain on the boards, and looks into the Fair, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over him in his survey of the bustling place. There is a great quantity of eating and drinking, making love and jilting, laughing and the contrary, smoking, cheating, fighting, dancing, and fiddling: there are bullies pushing about, bucks ogling the women, knaves picking pockets, policemen on the look-out, quacks (*other* quacks, plague take them!) bawling in front of their booths, and yokels looking up at the tinselled dancers and poor old rouged tumblers, while the light-fingered folk are operating upon their pockets behind. Yes, this is VANITY FAIR; not a moral place certainly; nor a merry one, though very noisy. Look at the faces of the actors and buffoons when they come off from their business; and Tom Fool washing the paint off his cheeks before he sits down to dinner with his wife and the little Jack Puddings behind the canvass. The curtain will be up presently, and he will be turning over head and heels, and crying, "How are you?"

A man with a reflective turn of mind, walking through

an exhibition of this sort, will not be oppressed, I take it, by his own or other people's hilarity. An episode of humour or kindness touches and amuses him here and there;—a pretty child looking at a gingerbread stall; a pretty girl blushing whilst her lover talks to her and chooses her fairing; poor Tom Fool, yonder behind the waggon, mumbling his bone with the honest family which lives by his tumbling;—but the general impression is one more melancholy than mirthful. When you come home, you sit down, in a sober, contemplative, not uncharitable frame of mind, and apply yourself to your books or your business.

I have no other moral than this to tag to the present story of "Vanity Fair." Some people consider Fairs immoral altogether, and eschew such, with their servants and families: perhaps they are right. But persons who think otherwise and are of a lazy, or a benevolent, or a sarcastic mood, may perhaps like to step in for half an hour and look at the performances. There are scenes of all sorts; some dreadful combats, some grand and lofty horse-riding, some scenes of high life, and some of very middling indeed; some love making for the sentimental, and some light comic business: the whole accompanied by appropriate scenery, and brilliantly illuminated with the Author's own candles.

What more has the Manager of the Performance to say?—To acknowledge the kindness with which it has been received in all the principal towns of England through which the Show has passed, and where it has been most favourably noticed by the respected conductors of the Public Press, and by the Nobility and Gentry. He is proud to think that his Puppets have given satisfaction to the very best company in this empire.

The famous little Becky Puppet has been pronounced to be uncommonly flexible in the joints and lively on the wire: the Amelia Doll, though it has had a smaller circle of admirers, has yet been carved and dressed with the greatest care by the artist: the Dobbin Figure, though apparently clumsy, yet dances in a very amusing and natural manner: the Little Boys' Dance has been liked by some; and please to remark the richly dressed figure of the Wicked Nobleman, on which no expense has been spared, and which Old Nick will fetch away at the end of this singular performance.

And with this, and a profound bow to his patrons, the Manager retires, and the curtain rises.

LONDON,
June 28, 1848.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
1.	—CHISWICK MALL	1
2.	—IN WHICH MISS SHARP AND MISS SEDLEY PREPARE TO OPEN THE CAMPAIGN.	8
3.	—REBECCA IS IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY	16
4.	—THE GREEN SILK PURSE	22
5.	—DOBBIN OF OURS.	33
6.	—VAUXHALL	43
7.	—CRAWLEY OF QUEEN'S CRAWLEY	57
8.	—PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL	65
9.	—FAMILY PORTRAITS	73
10.	—MISS SHARP BEGINS TO MAKE FRIENDS	79
11.	—ARCADIAN SIMPLICITY	84
12.	—QUITE A SENTIMENTAL CHAPTER	97
13.	—SENTIMENTAL AND OTHERWISE	104
14.	—MISS CRAWLEY AT HOME	114

CHAP. PAGE

15.—IN WHICH REBECCA'S HUSBAND APPEARS FOR A SHORT TIME . . . 129

16.—THE LETTER ON THE PINCUSHION 137

17.—HOW CAPTAIN DOBBIN BOUGHT A PIANO 144

18.—WHO PLAYED ON THE PIANO CAPTAIN DOBBIN BOUGHT? 151

19.—MISS CRAWLEY AT NURSE 161

20.—IN WHICH CAPTAIN DOBBIN ACTS AS THE MESSENGER OF HYMEN . . 170

21.—A QUARREL ABOUT AN HEIRESS 178

22.—A MARRIAGE AND PART OF A HONEYMOON 186

23.—CAPTAIN DOBBIN PROCEEDS ON HIS CANVASS 193

24.—IN WHICH MR. OSBORNE TAKES DOWN THE FAMILY BIBLE . . . 198

25.—IN WHICH ALL THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES THINK FIT TO LEAVE BRIGHTON 209

26.—BETWEEN LONDON AND CHATHAM 225

27.—IN WHICH AMELIA JOINS HER REGIMENT 232

28.—IN WHICH AMELIA INVADES THE LOW COUNTRIES 238

29.—BRUSSELS 246

30.—"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME" 257

31.—IN WHICH JOS SEDLEY TAKES CARE OF HIS SISTER 265

32.—IN WHICH JOS TAKES FLIGHT, AND THE WAR IS BROUGHT TO A CLOSE . 275

33.—IN WHICH MISS CRAWLEY'S RELATIONS ARE VERY ANXIOUS ABOUT HER . 289

34.—JAMES CRAWLEY'S PIPE IS PUT OUT 298

35.—WIDOW AND MOTHER 312

36.—HOW TO LIVE WELL ON NOTHING A-YEAR 321

CHAP. PAGE

37.—THE SUBJECT CONTINUED 329

38.—A FAMILY IN A VERY SMALL WAY 341

39.—A CYNICAL CHAPTER 353

40.—IN WHICH BECKY IS RECOGNISED BY THE FAMILY 361

41.—IN WHICH BECKY REVISITS THE HALLS OF HER ANCESTORS . . . 369

42.—WHICH TREATS OF THE OSBORNE FAMILY 379

43.—IN WHICH THE READER HAS TO DOUBLE THE CAPE 385

44.—A ROUND-ABOUT CHAPTER BETWEEN LONDON AND HAMPSHIRE . . 393

45.—BETWEEN HAMPSHIRE AND LONDON 402

46.—STRUGGLES AND TRIALS 410

47.—GAUNT HOUSE 417

48.—IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO THE VERY BEST OF COMPANY 425

49.—IN WHICH WE ENJOY THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT 434

50.—CONTAINS A VULGAR INCIDENT 441

51.—IN WHICH A CHARADE IS ACTED WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT PUZZLE THE READER 449

52.—IN WHICH LORD STEYNE SHOWS HIMSELF IN A MOST AMIABLE LIGHT . 464

53.—A RESCUE AND A CATASTROPHE 473

54.—SUNDAY AFTER THE BATTLE 481

55.—IN WHICH THE SAME SUBJECT IS PURSUED 489

56.—GEORGY IS MADE A GENTLEMAN 502

57.—EOTHEN 513

CHAP. PAGE

58.—OUR FRIEND THE MAJOR 521

59.—THE OLD PIANO 530

60.—RETURNS TO THE GENTEEL WORLD 539

61.—IN WHICH TWO LIGHTS ARE PUT OUT 545

62.—AM RHEIN 557

63.—IN WHICH WE MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE 567

64.—A VAGABOND CHAPTER 577

65.—FULL OF BUSINESS AND PLEASURE 591

66.—AMANTIUM IRÆ 598

67.—WHICH CONTAINS BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS 611

LIST OF PLATES.

	PAGE
The Letter before Waterloo	Frontispiece.
Vignette Title-page	
Rebecca's Farewell	7
Mr. Joseph entangled	32
Mr. Joseph in a State of Excitement	50
Rebecca makes Acquaintance with a live Baronet	59
Miss Sharp in her School-Room	80
Miss Crawley's affectionate Relatives	89
Mr. Osborne's Welcome to Amelia	109
Lieutenant Osborne and his ardent Love-Letters	113
The Note on the Pincushion	140
An Elephant for Sale	145
Mr. Sedley at the Coffee-House	172
Miss Swartz rehearsing for the Drawing-Room	181
Ensign Stubble practising the Art of War	207
A Family Party at Brighton	213
Mrs. O'Dowd at the Flower Market	242
Mrs. Osborne's Carriage stopping the Way	255

PAGE

Venus preparing the Armour of Mars 257

Mr. Jos shaves off his Mustachios 279

Mr. James's Pipe put out 307

Major Sugarplums 319

Mrs. Rawdon's Departure from Paris 327

Georgy makes Acquaintance with a Waterloo Man 340

The Ribbons Discovered in the Fact 359

Sir Pitt's last Stage 362

Glorvina tries her Fascination on the Major 387

The Arrival at Queen's Crawley 400

Becky in Lombard-Street 433

Georgy goes to Church gentfelly 448

The Triumph of Clytemnestra 456

Colonel Crawley is wanted 463

Sir Pitt's Study Chair 482

Georgy a Gentleman 502

A Meeting 525

Mr. Jos's Hookahbadar 533

A fine Summer Evening 560

Jos performs a Polonaise 569

Becky's Second Appearance in the Character of Clytemnestra . . 623

Virtue Rewarded; a Booth in Vanity Fair 624

Christmas Festivities.

At this peculiar season of festivity and mirth, when friends and lovers assemble at the social board, or whirl in the giddy mazes of the dance, both sexes are more than usually desirous of shining in personal attraction, and devote a greater share of attention to the toilet. It is, at this particular season, that the VIRTUES and SINGULARLY HAPPY PROPERTIES OF THOSE AUXILIARIES OF PERSONAL BEAUTY,

ROWLAND'S UNIQUE PREPARATIONS,

shine pre-eminent in their power; while the *rich luxuriant tress, the white and swan-like neck*, and the *pearly set of teeth*, form admirable trophies of their INESTIMABLE QUALITIES! The august patronage conceded by our Gracious Queen, the Royal Family, and the Several Sovereigns and Courts of Europe, together with their general use by the Aristocracy and "*Haut Ton;*" and the confirmation, by experience, of the infallible efficacy of these *creative renovating Specifics*, have characterised them with perfection, and given them a celebrity unparalleled. They have proved the theme of the poet; they are celebrated in the periodical literature of the whole civilized world; the lays of Byron, and the voice of the universal press, have proclaimed the incomparable virtues of the "Oil Macassar," and of its accompanying preparations. AS PRESENTS FOR BOTH SEXES, NONE CAN BE MORE RECOMMENDATORY, OR MORE NOW IN GENERAL USE.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,

IS A DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT AND TRANSPARENT PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR, and as an *invigorator and beautifier* is beyond all precedent.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

A BALMY, ODORIFEROUS, CREAMY, LIQUID Improving and beautifying the SKIN and COMPLEXION.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

A WHITE POWDER FOR THE TEETH, compounded of the choicest and most *recherché ingredients of the Oriental Herbal.*

Important Information.

UNPRINCIPLED SHOPKEEPERS, for the sake of gaining a trifle more profit, vend the most SPURIOUS COMPOUNDS, under the same names; some under the *implied* sanction of Royalty, and the Government Departments, with similar attempts at deception. They copy the *labels, bills, advertisements, and testimonials* (substituting *fictitious* names and addresses for the real) of the original preparations. It is therefore highly necessary to see that the words "**ROWLAND'S**" is on the wrapper of each article.

*** All others are FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS!!

The genuine Preparations are sold by the Proprietors,

A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden, LONDON,

And by all respectable Chemists and Perfumers.

Perfect Freedom from Coughs in Ten Minutes,

AND INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF ASTHMAS, CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE BREATH AND LUNGS,

ARE INSURED BY

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

The extraordinary powers of this invaluable medicine are now proved by a mass of evidence and testimonials, which must convince the most sceptical, that for all disorders of the breath and lungs, it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF LONG-STANDING ASTHMATIC COUGH.

Communicated by Mr. Jabez Waterhouse, chemist, Broad Street, Halifax, April 1, 1846.

A female residing in the neighbourhood of Halifax had long been subject to a confirmed asthmatic cough. When her husband applied to me, he said he was persuaded she could not live many days, as, from cough and want of rest, she was so much enfeebled; and the use of medicine, in which she had persevered for many months, had given her no relief.

The first dose of wafers wrought a surprising change; they soothed her cough, and gave her a comfortable and refreshing sleep, and, by persevering in their use, her strength has returned; and without the aid of any other medicine, this patient, who had been a long and apparently hopeless sufferer, is now fully restored to health.

This case I can vouch for, and can satisfy any inquiries by reference to the parties.

REMARKABLE CURE OF RUPTURED BLOOD-VESSEL OF THE LUNGS, COUGH, &c.

Extract of a letter from H. Huntley, Esq., 12, Albion Terrace, Old Tiverton Road, Exeter, March 20, 1846.

Gentlemen,—I ruptured a blood-vessel of the lungs about three months since, and a most troublesome cough succeeded. I tried everything that my surgeon, friends, and self could think of, but without alleviation. It was at length suggested that your Wafers might be useful. I tried them, and a single wafer, taken when the fit of coughing was about to commence, never once failed of giving it a complete and instantaneous check.

A lady also, a friend of mine, and who, by-the-bye, is in her 66th year, is, or rather was, troubled with a hard, distressing cough; she used them, and wonderful was the relief she experienced.

Signed, H. HUNTLEY.

The particulars of hundreds of cures may be had from every agent throughout the Kingdom.

DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthmas, consumption, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

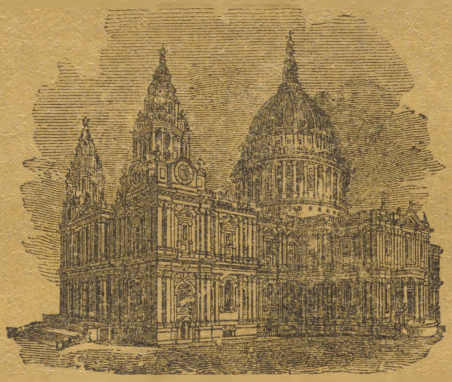
TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and wonderfully increase the power and flexibility of the voice.

THEY HAVE A PLEASANT TASTE. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box.

AGENTS: DA SILVA & CO., 1, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

CAUTION. To protect the public from spurious imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box the words "DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS," IN WHITE LETTERS ON A RED GROUND. If purchasers will attend to this Caution they will be sure to get the genuine article.

TO THE TEA-DRINKERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.



A GREAT deal has been said and written in "The Times," as well as in other papers, advocating a Reduction of the present high rate of the Tea Duties. Deputations from Liverpool and other places have waited upon

LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

urging him to fall the present Duty on Tea, from 2s. 2¼d. to 1s. per pound; and some of the more intelligent told Lord John, that such a measure would have the effect of falling the price to 2s. 6d. per Pound for good Tea. There does not exist in all the city a firm that would be more rejoiced to see this than ourselves; but, in the mean time, we will endeavour to show the present market value of

TEAS, WHICH THE PUBLIC NOW WELL KNOW,

on all descriptions, pay a duty of 2s. 2¼d. upon every pound.

		Cost in China, with Expenses of Importation, &c.				*British Duty.*	*Selling Price at "Number One."*		
			s. d.		s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
Congou,	Mixed leaf kinds, from	11 to 18 Taels,	or from 0 [illegible]	to	0 11	2 2¼	from	3 0 to	3 2
,,	Blackish leaf, ,,	14 ,, 16 Taels,	,, ,, 0 [illegible]	,,	1 1	2 2¼	,,	3 3 ,,	3 5
,,	Strong ditto, ,,	18 ,, 21 Taels,	,, ,, 1 2	,,	1 4	2 2¼	,,	3 6 ,,	3 8
,,	Pekoe flavour, ,,	23 ,, 39 Taels,	,, ,, 1 5	,,	2 2	2 2¼	,,	3 9 ,,	4 6
Souchong,	,,	15 ,, 61 Taels,	,, ,, 1 0	,,	3 4	2 2¼	,,	3 4 ,,	5 8
Flowery Pekoe,	,,	31 ,, 84 Taels,	,, ,, 1 10	,,	4 6	2 2¼	,,	4 2 ,,	6 10
Orange Pekoe,	,,	18 ,, 54 Taels,	,, ,, 1 2	,,	3 0	2 5¼	,,	3 6 ,,	5 4
Green									
Twankay,	,,	13 ,, 25 Taels,	,, ,, 0 11	,,	1 6	2 2¼	,,	3 2 ,,	3 10
Hyson,	,,	26 ,, 71 Taels,	,, ,, 1 7	,,	3 10	2 2¼	,,	3 11 ,,	6 2
Young Hyson,	,,	20 ,, 54 Taels,	,, ,, 1 3	,,	3 0	2 2¼	,,	3 7 ,,	5 4
Imperial	,,	28 ,, 54 Taels,	,, ,, 1 8	,,	3 0	2 2¼	,,	4 0 ,,	5 4
Gunpowder	,,	35 ,, 85 Taels,	,, ,, 2 0	,,	4 8	2 2¼	,,	4 4 ,,	7 0

Now these Teas

ARE ALL GOOD OF THEIR SEVERAL KINDS,

some of them exceedingly fine, and of a quality very rarely to be met with. At One Penny per pound profit, they will be supplied to the Trade, and all large consumers, in lots and quantities, to suit the most extensive demands.

As will be noticed by the above List, so it is a well-known fact that the original cost of fine Congou Tea is over 3⅝ Taels, or 2s. 2d. per pound, which, with duty added, makes 4s. 4¼d. per pound. We have, ever since we began selling Teas

AT "NUMBER ONE,"

sold this description at 4s. 6d. per pound. Hundreds and thousands of people have tried it, and can vouch for its strength and richness of flavour. Nobody ever finds fault with it, and it pleases everybody, because it is both good and cheap.

WHEN GOVERNMENT FALLS THE DUTY, WE WILL FALL THE PRICE of Tea in the same ratio, at "Number One," and publish it to the world.

It will be observed, that the Coarse Congou we quote above is that at 9½d. per pound, which, with 2s. 2¼d. duty, makes the cost for common Black Tea nearly 3s. per pound. It is quite true there is a great deal of low stuff sold as Tea at less than 3s. per pound, which is not Tea at all. It is trash, and the old East India Company used to send all such rubbish to the Nore, and throw it overboard as unfit for consumption, and not worth the duty.

All orders sent by post will receive

THE GREATEST CARE AND ATTENTION,

if accompanied by a respectable reference or a Post-office order, and will be forwarded CARRIAGE FREE.

Shopkeepers and large consumers may at all times be supplied with any quantity of chests or lots of Tea; and all purchasers will be allowed one pound on every thirty pounds, as over-weight.

The visitors to London are fearlessly assured, that they may save a considerable portion of their railway expenses by purchasing their Teas and Coffees

AT NUMBER ONE, SAINT PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

which is in the very centre of England's metropolis, and a position more easily identified than any in

LONDON.

DAKIN & COMPY., TEA MERCHANTS.

AGENTS WANTED.